

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 231.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1832.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

In compliance with the desire of many well-informed persons, to extend as much as possible the diffusion of General Literature and Useful Knowledge, this Paper has been REDUCED IN PRICE from Eightpence to FOURPENCE, at which rate all the previous Numbers may now be had.

REVIEWS

Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han, or the Central and Western Rajpoot States of India. By Lieut.-Col. James Tod, late Political Agent to the Western Rajpoot States. Vol. II. royal 4to. London, 1832. Smith, Elder & Co.

It was our opinion, from a careful study of the first volume of the 'Annals of Rajast'han,' which appeared in 1828, that the work, when completed, would prove to be one of the most valuable contributions ever made to the history of the Hindoos. The prediction is now fully confirmed: and we venture to say, that no European student of Indian history can hope for success in his researches, without "giving his days and his nights" to the volumes of Colonel Tod.

In what manner the annalist has executed his task, is a question of less importance in so grave a study: but even on this point, we think the author is deserving of the highest praise. With his rich and abundant materials, he might have written a *history*. His only anxiety, however, was to communicate information. This information, collected with immense labour, and evincing a depth of learning in the peculiar study, which perhaps no other European possesses, he lays before us in the simplest manner that could be devised. Quotations from native writers—the results of his own observation—oral tales and traditions—everything that could afford one ray of light is brought to bear upon the subject; and although the annals of each of the Hindoo states may be said to form in themselves a separate and regular history, yet the author was contented that the whole, in their union together, with the personal narrative subjoined, should be considered as *non historia, sed particule historie*.

We are the more disposed to give Colonel Tod credit for this species of modesty, at a time when the commodity is so rare—at a time when every young gentleman (at least, after distinguishing himself in the *Annals*), dubs his six weeks' compilation a "history." We are also the more disposed, in a popular vehicle like ours, to give honour where honour is due, from the consideration, that not one in a hundred of our readers will have an opportunity of forming for themselves an opinion of the work. Those who are devoted, from their profession or prospects, to the study of Indian history, will be glad to obtain it, even at the serious sacrifice of nine guineas; but, to the general reader, its form—its bulk—the multiplicity of its details—the distance of the scene—the comparative obscurity of most of the personages,—all will operate as a check upon curiosity.

From this consideration, we think that, instead of gratifying our own peculiar tastes, by launching into a grave dissertation upon

the work, it will be the more chivalrous and *Rajpootical* proceeding, to enter the lists against the gigantic obstacles mentioned above, and to exhibit to the timid reader the species of reward which he may receive by a little courage and resolution. It occurred to us, indeed, no less from a perusal of the first, than of the present volume, that, of all classes of readers, the *romancers* might derive most benefit from the work. The character, manners, and even costumes of the Rajpoots, are essentially romantic; and if we succeed in drawing the attention of these gentlemen to the almost exhaustless store of materials which they will find in the volumes, we have no doubt that a series of *Tales of Rajast'han* will push the 'Tales of My Landlord' from their stools.

Will the following fearful anecdote be considered a little *de trop*?

"Although the rajah had no less than twenty-seven queens, he cast the eye of desire on the virgin-daughter of a subject, and that subject a Brahmin.

"It was on the raja's return from court to his native land, that he beheld the damsel, and he determined, notwithstanding the sacred character of her father and his own obligations as the dispenser of law and justice, to enjoy the object of his admiration. Whether the scruples of the daughter were likely to be easily overcome by her royal tempter, or whether the raja threatened force, the '*Khédî*' does not inform us; but as there was no other course by which the father could save her from pollution but by her death, he resolved to make it one of vengeance and horror. He dug a sacrificial pit, and having slain his daughter, cut her into fragments, and mingling therewith pieces of flesh from his own person, made the '*homa*,' or burnt sacrifice to Aya Mata, and as the smoke and flames ascended, he pronounced an imprecation on the raja! 'Let peace be a stranger to him! and in three pahars,† three days, and three years, let me have revenge!' Then exclaiming, 'My future dwelling is the *Dabi Baori*!' sprung into the flaming pit. The horrid tale was related to the raja, whose imagination was haunted by the shade of the Brahmin; and he expired at the assigned period, a prey to unceasing remorse." p. 35-6.

This fearful sacrifice was not made in vain; for the spirit of the Brahmin long haunted the guilty imagination of the rajah's descendants:—

"The celebrated Jeswunt Sing, the great grandson of Oodi, had an amour with the daughter of one of his civil officers, and which he carried on at the *Dabi Baori*. But the avenging ghost of the Brahmin interposed between him and his wishes. A dreadful struggle ensued, in which Jeswunt lost his senses, and no effort could banish the impression from his mind. The ghost persecuted his fancy, and he was generally believed to be possessed with a wicked spirit, which, when exorcised, was made to say he would only depart on the self-sacrifice of a

chief equal in dignity to Jeswunt. Nahur Khan, 'the tiger lord,' chief of the Koompawut clan, who led the van in all his battles, immediately offered his head in expiation for his prince; and he had no sooner expressed this loyal determination, than the holy men who exorcised the spirit, caused it to descend into a vessel of water, and having waved it thrice round his head, they presented it to Nahur Khan, who drank it off, and Jeswunt's senses were instantly restored. This miraculous transfer of the ghost is implicitly believed by every chief of Rajast'han, by whom Nahur was called 'the faithful of the faithful.'" p. 36.

The "tiger lord" mentioned in this story, derived his name from the following circumstance:—

"He had personally incurred the displeasure of the emperor, by a reply which was deemed disrespectful to a message sent by the royal *ahdy*, for which the tyrant condemned him to enter a tiger's den, and contend for his life unarmed. Without a sign of fear, he entered the arena, where the savage beast was pacing, and thus contemptuously accosted him; 'Oh tiger of the *meah*, face the tiger of Jeswunt!' exhibiting to the king of the forest a pair of eyes, which anger and opium had rendered little less inflamed than his own. The animal, startled by so unaccustomed a salutation, for a moment looked at his visitor, put down his head, turned round, and stalked from him. 'You see,' exclaimed the Rahtore, 'that he dare not face me, and it is contrary to the creed of a true Rajpoot to attack an enemy who dares not confront him.' Even the tyrant, who beheld the scene, was surprised into admiration, presented him with gifts, and asked if he had any children to inherit his prowess. His reply, 'how can we get children, when you keep us from our wives beyond the Attok?' fully shows that the Rahtore and fear were strangers to each other. From this singular encounter, he bore the name of Nahur Khan, 'the tiger lord.'" p. 55-6.

The "immolation of the females" was almost a common occurrence in a country where honour was far more highly valued than human life. The following is an instance from the annals of Marwar:—

"When these brave men saw that nothing short of the surrender of all that was dear to a Rajpoot was intended by the fiend-like spirit of the king, their first thought was the preservation of their prince; the next to secure their own honour and that of their late master. The means by which they accomplished this were terrific. The females of the deceased, together with their own wives and daughters, were placed in an apartment filled with gunpowder, and the torch applied—all was soon over! This sacrifice accomplished, their sole thought was to secure a niche in that immortal temple, which the Rajpoot bard, as well as the great minstrel of the west, peoples with 'youths who died, to be by poets sung.' For this, the Rajpoot's anxiety has in all ages been so great, as often to defeat even the purpose of revenge, his object being to die gloriously rather than to inflict death; assured that his name would never perish, but, preserved in 'immortal rhyme' by

† A watch of the day, about three hours."

the bard, would serve as the incentive to similar deeds. Accordingly, 'the battle fought by the sons of Doohurea in the streets of Delhi,' is one of the many themes of everlasting eulogy to the Rahtores: and the seventh of Shraavan, S. 1736 (the second month of the Monsoon of A.D. 1680), is a sacred day in the calendar of Maroo." p. 60.

The annals of Jessulmur afford another. A fort being just about to be taken by assault, the chiefs "repaid to the palace of their queens. They told them to take the *sohag*, and prepare to meet in heaven, while they gave up their lives in defence of their honour and their faith. Smiling, the Soda Raní replied, 'this night we shall prepare, and by the morning's light we shall be inhabitants of *sueerga* (heaven); and thus it was with the chiefs and all their wives. The night was passed together for the last time in preparation for the awful morn. It came; ablutions and prayers were finished, and at the *Rajdwára* were convened *bálá*, *prúde*, and *brídú*. They bade a last farewell to all their kin; the *johr* commenced, and twenty-four thousand females, from infancy to old age, surrendered their lives, some by the sword, others in the volcano of fire. Blood flowed in torrents, while the smoke of the pyre ascended to the heavens: not one feared to die, every valuable was consumed with them, not the worth of a straw was preserved for the foe. This work done, the brothers looked upon the spectacle with horror. Life was now a burthen, and they prepared to quit it. They purified themselves with water, paid adoration to the divinity, made gifts to the poor, placed a branch of the *toolsi* in their casques, the *saligram* round their neck; and having cased themselves in armour and put on the saffron robe, they bound the *mor* (crown) around their heads, and embraced each other for the last time. Thus they awaited the hour of battle. Three thousand eight hundred warriors, with faces red with wrath, prepared to die with their chiefs." p. 251-2.

The following story is very beautiful, as an illustration of manners:—

"On the death of Sora Sing, prince of Nurwar, his brother usurped the government, depriving the infant, Dhola Raé, of his inheritance. His mother, clothing herself in mean apparel, put the infant in a basket, which she placed on her head, and travelled westward until she reached the town of Khogong (within five miles of the modern Jeipoor), then inhabited by the Meenas. Distressed with hunger and fatigue, she had placed her precious burthen on the ground, and was plucking some wild berries, when she observed a hooded serpent rearing its form over the basket. She uttered a shriek, which attracted an itinerant Brahmin, who told her to be under no alarm, but rather to rejoice at this certain indication of future greatness in the boy. But the emaciated parent of the founder of Amér replied, 'What may be in futurity I heed not, while I am sinking with hunger;' on which the Brahmin put her in the way to Khogong, where he said her necessities would be relieved. Taking up the basket, she reached the town, which is encircled by hills, and accosting a female, who happened to be a slave of the Meena chieftain, begged any menial employment for food. By direction of the Meena Raní, she was entertained with the slaves. One day she was ordered to prepare dinner, of which Ralunsi, the Meena Raja, partook, and found it so superior to his usual fare, that he sent for the cook, who related her story. As soon as the Meena chief discovered the rank of the illustrious fugitive, he adopted her as his sister, and Dhola Raé as his nephew." p. 347.

Anecdote of a Hindoo opium-eater:—

"Narayan-das became celebrated for his strength and prowess. He was one of those

undaunted Rajpoots who are absolutely strangers to the impression of fear, and it might be said of danger and himself, 'that they were brothers who pined the same day, and he the elder.' Unfortunately, these qualities were rendered inert from the enormous quantity of opium he took, which would have killed most men; for it is recorded 'he could at one time eat the weight of seven pice.' The consequence of this vice, as might be expected, was a constant stupefaction, of which many anecdotes are related. Being called to aid the Rana Raemull, then attacked by the Pathans of Mandoo, he set out at the head of five hundred select Haras. On the first day's march, he was taking his siesta, after his usual dose, under a tree, his mouth wide open, into which the flies had unmolested ingress, when a young *tailant* came to draw water at the well, and on learning that this was Boondi's prince on his way to aid the Rana in his distress, she observed, 'If he gets no other aid than his, alas for my prince!' 'The *umuldar* (opium-eater) has quick ears, though no eyes,' is a common adage in Rajwarra. 'What is that you say, *rand* (widow)?' roared the Rao, advancing to her. Upon her endeavouring to excuse herself, he observed, 'do not fear, but repeat it.' In her hand she had an iron crowbar, which the Rao, taking it from her, twisted until the ends met round her neck. 'Wear this garland for me,' said he, 'until I return from aiding the Rana, unless in the interim you can find some one strong enough to unbind it.'" 466.

The ferocious spirit of Hindoo honour is strikingly illustrated in the following story:

"The manner of his death affords another trait of Rajpoot character, and merits a place among those anecdotes which form the romance of history. Gopinath carried on a secret intrigue with the wife of a Brahmin of the Buldea class, and in the dead of night used to escalate the house to obtain admittance. At length the Brahmin caught him, bound the hands and feet of his treacherous prince, and proceeding direct to the palace, told the Rao he had caught a thief in the act of stealing his honour, and asked what punishment was due to such offence. 'Death,' was the reply. He waited for no other, returned home, and with a hammer beat out the victim's brains, throwing the dead body into the public highway. The tidings flew to Rao Rutun, that the heir of Boondi had been murdered, and his corpse ignominiously exposed; but when he learned the cause, and was reminded of the decree he had unwittingly passed, he submitted in silence." p. 477.

The following presents a curious view of the gradation of punishments in Rajasthan:

"The *Buhingis*, or scavengers, of Ranikhaira, the very refuse of mankind, had mortgaged their rights in the *dead carcasses* of their town to a professional brother of Laisrawun; but on the return of these halcyon days, they swerved from their bond. The chieftain of Laisrawun espoused his vassal's cause, and probably pointed out the mode of revenge. One morning, therefore, not having the fear of Jemshid of Neembaira before his eyes, the said mortgagee slew his pig; and, albeit but the wreck of a human being, contrived to cast his victim into the pure fountain of 'Queenstown,' and immediately fled for *sirna* to Bheendir. But what could be done to a wretch, who for former misdeeds had already suffered the dismemberment of an arm, a leg, and his nose? Here is the sentence! 'To be paraded, mounted on an ass, his face blackened, with a chaplet of shoes round his neck, and drummed out of the limits of Ranikhaira!'"

Is there anything finer in the Arabian Nights than this?

"Aloo Hara, one day, returning homeward from the chace, was accosted by a Charun, who, having bestowed his blessing upon him, would

accept of nothing in exchange but the turban from his head. Strange as was the desire, he preferred compliance to incurring the *viserwa*, or 'vituperation of the bard;' who, placing Aloo's turban on his own head, bade him 'live a thousand years,' and departed. The Charun immediately bent his steps to Mundore, the capital of Maroo; and as he was ushered into the presence of its prince, and pronounced the *byrd* of the Rahtores, he took off his turban with the left hand, and performed his salutation with the right. The unusual act made the prince demand the cause, when in reply he was told 'that the turban of Aloo Hara should bend to none on earth.' Such reverence to an obscure chief of the mountains of Méwar enraged the King of the Desert, who unceremoniously kicked the turban out of doors. Aloo, who had forgotten the strange request, was tranquilly occupied in his pastime, when his *quendam* friend again accosted him, his head bare, the insulted turban under his arm, and loudly demanding vengeance on the Rahtore, whose conduct he related. Aloo was vexed, and upbraided the Charun for having wantonly provoked this indignity towards him. 'Did I not tell you to ask land, or cattle, or money, yet nothing would please you but this rag; and my head must answer for the insult to a vile piece of cloth: for nothing appertaining to Aloo Hara shall be insulted with impunity even by the *Thakoor* of Marwar.' Aloo forthwith convened his clan, and soon five hundred 'sons of one father' were assembled within the walls of Bumaóda, ready to follow wheresoever he led." p. 643-4.

This simple circumstance caused great bloodshed, and led to the extinction of the family of Aloo.

The oriental jealousy of their women is carried to a fearful pitch among the Rajpoots. The following is the consequence of a lady simply looking out of a window:—

"One day, the *thakoor* (chief) was enjoying himself in his baronial hall of Bhynsrar, in the midst of his little court, with a *nauch*, when a fatal curiosity, perhaps instigated by jealousy, induced his Raní to peep out from the lattice above. Offended at this violation of decorum, he said aloud to an attendant, 'Tell the *thakoorani*, if she is eager to come abroad, she may do so, and I will retire.' The lady disputed the justice of the reprimand, asserting that her lord had been mistaken, and tried to shift the reproach to one of her damsels; but failing to convince him, she precipitated herself from the battlements into the whirlpools beneath." 662-3.

By way of relief, we give the account of a visit made by our author to a Rajpoot chief:—

"Nandta is a fine specimen of a Rajpoot baronial residence. We entered through a gateway, at the top of which was the *nobut-khaneh*, or saloon for the band, into an extensive court having colonnaded piazzas all round, in which the vassals were ranged. In the centre of this area was a pavilion, apart from the palace, surrounded by orangeries and odoriferous flowers, with a *jet-d'eau* in the middle, whence little canals conducted the water and kept up a perpetual verdure. Under the arcade of this pavilion, amidst a thousand welcomes, thundering of cannon, trumpets, and all sorts of sounds, we took our seats; and scarcely had congratulations passed and the area was cleared of our escorts, when, to the sound of the tabor and *saringi*, the sweet notes of a Punjabi *tuppa* saluted our ears. There is a plaintive simplicity in this music, which denotes originality, and even without a knowledge of the language, conveys a sentiment to the most fastidious, when warbled in the impassioned manner which some of these syrens possess. While the Mahratta delights in the dissonant *droopad*, which requires a rapidity of

utterance quite surprising, the Rajpoot reposes in his *tuppa*, which, conjoined with his opium, creates a paradise. Here we sat, amidst the orange-groves of Nandta, the *jet-d'eau* throwing a mist between us and the groupe, whose dark tresses, antelope-eyes, and syren-notes, were all thrown away upon the Frank, for my teeth were beating time from the ague-fit." p. 687.

We shall resume our notice next week.

Cheskian Anthology; being a History of the Poetical Literature of Bohemia: with translated Specimens; by John Bowring. London, 1832. Hunter.

We lie under personal obligations to Mr. Bowring—we beg his pardon—he is a Doctor, if not of laws, at least of languages. We knew him,—or rather he knew us,—in infancy, when he had the kindness to translate our little wants from the Baby-lonian into the mother tongue. In our school days, he volunteered to do our exercises in French, Latin, and Italian; and was our proxy, we remember, in learning Greek and Hebrew. In maturer manhood his kindness did not desert us. It was but the last Sabbath that he was so good as to accompany us to Mr. Irving's chapel, as an interpreter of the Unknown Tongues; and on the Tuesday following, to the Zoological Gardens, where he obliged us, and Mr. Vigors, by pointing out the affinities between the dialects of the Tiger and the Catalanian—of the Lyon and the Lyonnese—of the Vampyre and the Bat-avian, &c. &c.

These are private obligations; but Mr. Bowring has added to our national debt to him, by his publication of the 'Cheskian Anthology.' The poets of Britain must rejoice to find that they have such a band of Bohemian Brothers as sing in this little volume. It has been well remarked, that most things are either Bishop'd or Burked by translation. A foreign idea is too often brought over—clapped, like other travellers, into damp sheets—and gets up such a cripple, that its own parent from its father land, would not know it again. Poems done into English, generally drink dreadfully, like the home-made wines—they may be named after the Spanish or the Rhenish, but they smack of nothing but domestic currant and gooseberry. This is not the case with Mr. Bowring—he imports, or smuggles over, the genuine spirit of his author—Spanish, or Polish—Russian, or Magyar. Nobody would dream of confounding his Bohemians with White-chapel Jews. Here, is a dainty little romance—of a Cheskian Juliet and a Turkish County Paris:—

Upon the Turkish boundary
A watchman hath one child alone:
O God! O God! what bliss 'twould be,
If I could call that girl mine own!

I sent a letter to the maid,
And sent a ring—"The ring is thine,
So give me sweet thy love," I said,
"And leave thy father's house for mine."

The letter reached the maid—she ran
And placed it in her father's hand:
Read, O my father! if thou can,
And make thy daughter understand."

Her father read it—not a word
He said, but sigh'd—and as he rose—
"O Lord of Mercy! righteous Lord!"
What heavy, heavy sighs were those!

"My golden father! tell me why
Such sighs, such sadness—never pain
Heav'd from the breast a heavier sigh—
What did that wretched sheet contain?"

"Sweet daughter! I have cause to groan
When misery on my heart is piled:
A Turk demands thee for his own—
He asks thy father for his child."

"My golden father! give me not—
O, if thou love me, do not so!
I will not leave thy watchman's cot—
Nay! with the Turk I dare not go!"

"I tell thee what I'll do—I'll make
A coffin, where I will be laid,
And there my seeming rest I'll take,
And thou shalt say—the maid is dead!"

And so she did—the Moslem o'er
The threshold sprung: "Ill-fated maid!
O God of Mercy and of Power!
The maid is dead!—the maid is dead!"

The mourning Turk his kerchief drew,
And wiped his wet and weeping eyes:
"And hast thou left me—left me, too,
My precious pearl!—my gem-like prize?"

He bought himself a mourning dress,
A dress of rosy taffety:
"Why hast thou left me in distress,
Of flowers the sweetest flower to me?"

He hid the death-bells loudly toll
From every Turkish monk; and ye
Might hear the heavy grave-song roll
From Turkey even to Moldavia.

The Turk sped homeward; and the maid
Her coffin left for purer air.
"Now, God be with thee, Turk!" she said;
And truth was in the maiden's pray'r.

We would fain quote a few of the early lyrics, and some beautiful sonnets from Kollar; but want of room forbids; and, besides, we can safely advise the lover of poetry to extract the whole volume from Mr. Hunter's.

The History of Rome. By B. G. Niebuhr; translated by J. C. Hare, M.A. and Conop Thirlwall, M.A. Vol. II. London, 1832. Taylor.

The great fault of Niebuhr's immortal work is, that learning almost equal to his own is required to read it with profit. He has aggregated immense stores of valuable information from sources hitherto unknown, or at least unexplored;—he has from this heterogeneous mass of materials derived a true history, every sentence of which is pregnant with the most important instruction, and every recorded incident a useful lesson for statesmen, since each develops the operation of some political principle that may almost be considered a law of our nature. The utility of the work must, however, be sadly diminished by its obscurity and difficulty; and the translators, unfortunately, have laboured with tolerable success to aggravate both these defects. By adopting a system of orthography long since obsolete, they have made the English volume appear as foreign as the German, and subjected it to the reproach of being "a translation that needs to be translated." Were they alone concerned, we should dismiss the work in a sentence, and plead in excuse "si non vis intelligi, debes negligi"; but we must not visit the sins of the translators upon the author; and still less justified should we be in withholding the lessons of political wisdom that abound in this important volume, valuable as they are for every time and season, but more especially valuable at the present moment.

It would be impossible, within our scanty limits, to detail the new version of the many important events to which Niebuhr has directed his attention, and to enumerate all the occasions on which he has succeeded in obtaining useful truth from worthless fable; but there is one period, in the analysis of which he has put forth all his strength, applied all his energies, and almost exhausted

all his extensive resources, and to this our notice must be confined. The period to which we allude was that in which occurred the great decisive struggle for Reform, which terminated in the triumph of truth and justice, and the establishment of the Decemviral Code of equal laws.

The aristocratic form of government, established at Rome after the expulsion of the Tarquins, was soon found to be more grievous than that of the banished tyrant. Like the young Hercules, it began its exploits in the cradle, by abrogating all those portions of the Servian constitution that ensured the protection of law to the plebeians. Complaints were disregarded, remonstrances treated with scorn, and petitions for redress punished, as overt acts of treason. "In pity, forbear to strike us with whips," was the humble request of the suffering commons. "For daring to complain, we will chastise you with scorpions," was the ferocious reply of the patricians; and they kept their promise to the letter. The natural tendency of every aristocratic government is to oligarchy, and ere long the Roman nobility found the supreme power, which nominally rested in their entire body, really possessed by a faction. The excluded minority appealed to the plebeians for assistance,—not because they cared in their hearts one jot for the sufferings of a class which they regarded as degraded, but because they hoped by such aid to break down the monopoly of office, and open to themselves the avenues to place and power. But it was impossible for them to lead a multitude blindfold;—when these ambitious patricians had harangued the plebeians on the natural rights of men, and the usurpations of the privileged classes, they hoped that their auditors would regard such matters as means, and the election of the orators to office as the end; that the excitement would cease when their election was secured, and the public mind resume its tranquillity, as the ocean its smoothness when the vessel that furrowed it has sailed past.

But multitudes and mobs generally possess a greater share of common sense than high-born statesmen and noble patricians can discover: intellect is not the exclusive property of rank and wealth—poverty often affords an education more valuable than scholastic learning—and nature teaches men to understand and apply arguments almost as well as the logic of Aristotle, or the rhetoric of Dionysius. The pretended reformers found this to their cost: the plebeians, in spite of all teaching, would regard the attainments of their own rights as the end, and would not in every instance regard the elevation of their instructors to office even as the means. Tyranny over reasonable people is too common to attract notice; but continued tyranny over a reasoning people, would be an anomaly in the history of mankind. To this fact the papers of the day supply us with a very authoritative testimony, in the shape of a resolution adopted at a recent meeting of slaveholders. It declares "that any attempt to instil religious instruction or education into the minds of slaves, is incompatible with the existence of slavery." Verily, these worthy resolvers are wise in their generation, and have not studied the records of past ages for nothing.

The Roman oligarchy was not inferior in wisdom to the planters of Trinidad, and

adopted resolutions not a whit inferior in wisdom and energy to that which we have quoted. Like all other oligarchies, the Roman rulers believed that the best remedy for popular discontent was that union of cruelty and oppression, commonly called "a vigorous administration;"—and theirs was vigorous with a vengeance. Niebuhr almost feared that the atrocious measures adopted by the patrician faction were too monstrous to be credited, and has taken no small pains to prove that they do not transcend the bounds of probability. But this point was established when he had proved that the form of government was oligarchical; for under that system the worst cruelties that the worst passions of the human heart can dictate, are not only probable, but certain. It is notorious that the rulers in several of the ancient Greek oligarchies took an oath, on their entrance into office, that "they would bear malice toward the commons, and devise all possible harm against them." And, as Niebuhr remarks—

"Even to our own days traces of the same horrible spirit appear; through its influence, not fifty years ago, several worthy members of the government at Friburg were punished as traitors, for advising that the rights, which had been wrested from the citizens and the canton, should be given back. The same spirit in Schwytz has robbed the new subjects of their franchise; and in the North American slave states, makes it a crime to give any instruction to persons of colour. It is the very same infernal spirit that led Sparta to her tyrannical measures against helots and subjects; and Florence to those which devastated Pisa."

But torture, exile, and death,—the usual instruments of "a vigorous administration,"—failed to convince the "plebs" of the propriety of submitting to the tyranny of the faction. They were, we grant, powerful arguments to prove that an oppressive oligarchy was "a mild and merciful government;" but the obtuseness of plebeian wit, and the obstinacy of democratic hearts, rendered the multitude blind to the cogency of such reasoning. The rack, the dungeon, the gibbet, and the assassin's steel,—those potent instruments of tyrannical reasoning,—failed to produce the desired conviction, and even led to conclusions the very opposite to those they had been designed to produce:—

"The more furiously the tyrants raged, the more stout-hearted their adversaries became. The freedom of the Roman people was consolidated, like religious liberty in persecutions, by the blood of martyrs. From the passing of the Publilian Law, it kept constantly gaining in strength and compass."

Coming events now began to cast their shadows before; the hoarse whispers and muttered threats of the multitude were, in the opinion of many among the nobility, ominous presages of an approaching storm; and all parties agreed in the sentiment, usual upon such occasions, that "something must be done." What the particular "something" was to be, however, was by no means determined with similar unanimity. The greater part of the ancient nobility, justly confiding in their recorded honours, historic fame, old associations, and prescriptive title to reverence, proposed measures of conciliation; but those whose elevation was of more recent date, and whose consciences told them that their casual rank supplied their best, if not their only claim to public respect, scouted

the monstrous proposal of giving political rights to "the swinish multitude." The younger branches of the nobility, who seemed to hold pride, profligacy, and presumption, almost as their birthright, eagerly and zealously supported the anti-reformers; but their zeal was not tempered with discretion, and they did "play such fantastic tricks before high heaven," as might have made "the angels weep" from excessive laughter. A graver, though scarcely less ridiculous opposition, was made by the flamens, pontiffs, and augurs,—their vaticinations of evil, if concession was made to the people, were as numerous and terrific as they were absurd. But, unfortunately, these prophecies had been too often repeated, and too often proved false, to be any longer regarded, except by old women; and their only effect was to bring religion itself into contempt.

At length the crisis came, at an hour when it was least expected: the pilots who had boasted so loudly and so fiercely, while the sea was yet calm and the winds still hushed, fled when the billows rose in anger, and the tempest rushed abroad in its fury. At that hour of difficulty and danger, a true statesman seized the abandoned helm; he pledged himself to the reform of abuses and the concession of equal rights: the hearts of the terrified mariners revived, they returned to their duty, and, by their united exertions, the vessel was enabled to pursue her course in safety.

There are some remarks on the manner in which the Decemviral Code was prepared and enacted, that deserve our attention. Niebuhr says—

"They completed the national code, so far as their powers reached, and published it in the form of ten laws, on ten tables, for the information of the people, in order that every one who saw room for any amendment might point it out to them: whereupon, if they agreed with him, they altered the statute accordingly. In no ancient commonwealth do we find any instance where the several clauses of a law, or amendments proposed by another person, were put to the vote: the whole was adopted, or rejected, in the unity it received from its author."

To this he appends the following note:—

"Ever since the time of the Constituent Assembly, the reverse of this has been the practice on the continent; and particularly since the restoration of the Bourbons, not only have alterations, suggested by a committee, often given a proposed law a totally contrary tenour, which is only a slight evil—but amendments off-hand frequently introduce absurdities and contradictions, after an enormous time has been consumed in debating. England, by the political good sense that still prevails there, has been kept free from this strange notion, of attaining to a high degree of perfection, by means of an aggregate of wisdom. I remember only one instance, where a bill, which originated in the upper house, was amended by sundry officious hands; but it turned out a complete abortion, which the next session committed to the grave. In the very valuable draft of a criminal code, discussed by the Cortes in 1822, the articles on which amendments were carried, were mostly spoiled."

It is to be hoped that England will still continue to be thus distinguished for political good sense, and that no second instance of a good measure, spoiled by amendments, may occur in its annals.

From the establishment of the Decemviral Code, Rome's greatness may be dated: there were no more secessions to Mount Aventine

—no factious feuds, threatening the entire destruction of the state. The patricians and plebeians, united under equal laws, began to form but one nation, and community of interest produced community of feeling. During the two succeeding centuries, Rome endured many calamities; but the vital spirit of freedom, diffused through every portion of the body politic, enabled the state to survive all difficulties, and even to derive additional strength from its misfortunes. The recuperative energy which belongs to liberty alone, raised the city from its smoking ruins, after the Gauls had produced new warriors to avenge the fate of Regulus, and banished despair when Hannibal was advancing from the field of Cannæ. The changes of fortune and the chances of time brought the Romans to another period, when a new oligarchy overthrew the decemviral constitution, and murdered the Gracchi for exerting themselves in its defence. The source of Roman glory and felicity was thus closed—the streams for the future poured forth only bitter waters, whose pestilential effects were lethargy, torpidity, and decay. But this painful portion of history comes not within the scope of our present subject, and we gladly turn away from the picture of tyranny, perfidy, and degradation. We shall rather quote the concluding part of the history of the reformers' triumph, trusting that it may be, ere long, descriptive of another nation as well as the Roman:—

"The two reformers, however, were deliverers such as heaven in its mercy does indeed send at times, when the need is the sorest: *their measures were an unmixed blessing, because the nation was still sound, and regarded its institutions, when reformed, as sacred*; and because they themselves were content with restoring that fitness, which certain parts had lost through the changes of time; because they carried back the constitution to its original idea, and did not dream of creating a new one; because they did not violate any tie in the commonwealth, but persevered indefatigably until the reform was accomplished according to all the rules of law."

Domestic Manners of the Americans. By Mrs. Trollope. 2 vols. 8vo.

[Second Notice.]

We never met with a traveller so clever and so difficult to please as Mrs. Trollope. When she sets out on a second wandering, she must carry, like a snail, all her household accommodation with her; her home-bred Helps will then fly at her bidding, like Malvolio's imaginary retinue; her London-taught lacqueys will duck with French nods as they speak, and her coachman stand with his hand at his hat, a living lesson in politeness to that Yankee jehu who uncivilly longed to horsewhip an American governor of the province, and thrash a living German Prince. With her, affectation is everything, and independence nought: she seems quite unaware of the utter hollowness of what she worships as polished life; she looks upon smooth civility and shallow courtesy as the solder and cement of society, and the man who can speak as brave words as you would wish to hear on a summer's day, is the beau ideal of all nobleness and honour. When she meets with manners of a simpler or ruder kind, she holds up her white hands, with rings on every finger, and the very clusters of her artificial curls grow damp with the moisture

which agony brings to her brow. She remembers, too, only such matters of her own country as form a contrast to what she sees: nor is she always very accurate in her comparisons. She upbraids the members of Congress with rudely wearing their hats as they sit, forgetting, or not knowing perhaps, that the members of the British House of Commons do the same; she derides the Americans for stopping public coaches on the seventh day, lest they should break the Sabbath; when she travels in Scotland, or through Cambridge, she will find the same; and when she sees a young clergyman enter a house where there are handsome ladies, she puts her hands before her face, so as she may see through her fingers, and cries "O fie! I am afraid you are naughty girls; how can you do such things?—what will moral England say when I tell her of the doings of her transatlantic daughters?"

This brings us to the religious, or rather, ceremonial notions of this querulous lady—in which, however, she is not at all singular. She believes, that your only pious and polite church is the Episcopal. It is her firm opinion that the Presbyterian is, in its nature, too coarse to receive that elegance and polish which is essential for salvation; and moreover, she is persuaded that all dissenting congregations are rude, selfish, and uncivil—slow in giving honour where honour is due, and not a little addicted, amid their spiritual impulses, to the grosser sensualities of life. What she looks upon as the sorest evil of the whole, is the want of the crowning mercy of an Established Church; and, in her grief at its absence, she cries out, "Oh England, happy England!" With Mrs. Trollope lawn sleeves are things of exceeding great reverence—she has no notion of worshipping God anywhere else save in a cathedral—the sound of an organ is to her as a voice from Heaven; and, forgetting that Christ rode upon an ass, she has the Archbishop of Canterbury, in his coach and six, in perpetual vision before her. The view which she takes of religion in the United States, must therefore be taken with no little abatement; any one who reads the following very singular and very clever account of a congregation of Methodists worshipping in the wilderness, will perceive how easy it is to misrepresent and misinterpret the actions of the ardent and enthusiastic:—

"The prospect of passing a night in the back woods of Indiana was by no means agreeable, but I screwed my courage to the proper pitch, and set forth determined to see with my own eyes, and hear with my own ears, what a camp-meeting really was. I had heard it said that being at a camp-meeting was like standing at the gate of heaven, and seeing it opening before you; I had heard it said, that being at a camp-meeting was like finding yourself within the gates of hell; in either case there must be something to gratify curiosity, and compensate one for the fatigue of a long rumbling ride, and a sleepless night.

"We reached the ground about an hour before midnight, and the approach to it was highly picturesque. The spot chosen was the verge of an unbroken forest, where a space of about twenty acres appeared to have been partially cleared for the purpose. Tents of different sizes were pitched very near together in a circle round the cleared space; behind them were ranged an exterior circle of carriages of every description, and at the back of each were

fastened the horses which had drawn them thither. Through this triple circle of defence we distinguished numerous fires burning brightly within it; and still more numerous lights flickering from the trees that were left in the enclosure. The moon was in meridian splendour above our heads.

"We left the carriage to the care of a servant, who was to prepare a bed in it for Mrs. B. and me, and entered the inner circle. The first glance reminded me of Vauxhall, from the effect of the lights among the trees, and the moving crowd below them; but the second showed a scene totally unlike anything I had ever witnessed. Four high frames, constructed in the form of altars, were placed at the four corners of the enclosure; on these were supported layers of earth and sod, on which burned immense fires of blazing pine-wood. On one side a rude platform was erected to accommodate the preachers, fifteen of whom attended this meeting, and with very short intervals for necessary refreshment and private devotion, preached in rotation, day and night, from Tuesday to Saturday.

"When we arrived, the preachers were silent; but we heard issuing from nearly every tent mingled sounds of praying, preaching, singing, and lamentation. The curtains in front of each tent were dropped, and the faint light that gleamed through the white drapery, backed as it was by the dark forest, had a beautiful and mysterious effect, that set the imagination at work; and had the sounds which vibrated around us been less discordant, harsh, and unnatural, I should have enjoyed it; but listening at the corner of a tent, which poured forth more than its proportion of clamour, in a few moments chased every feeling derived from imagination, and furnished realities that could neither be mistaken nor forgotten.

"Great numbers of persons were walking about the ground, who appeared like ourselves to be present only as spectators; some of these very unceremoniously contrived to raise the drapery of this tent, at one corner, so as to afford us a perfect view of the interior.

"The floor was covered with straw, which round the sides was heaped in masses, that might serve as seats, but which at that moment were used to support the heads and the arms of the close-packed circle of men and women who kneeled on the floor.

"Out of about thirty persons thus placed, perhaps half a dozen were men. One of these, a handsome looking youth of eighteen or twenty, kneeled just below the opening through which I looked. His arm was encircling the neck of a young girl who knelt beside him, with her hair hanging dishevelled upon her shoulders, and her features working with the most violent agitation; soon after they both fell forward on the straw, as if unable to endure in any other attitude the burning eloquence of a tall grim figure in black, who, standing erect in the centre, was uttering with incredible vehemence an oration that seemed to hover between praying and preaching; his arms hung stiff and immovable by his side, and he looked like an ill-constructed machine, set in action by a movement so violent, as to threaten its own destruction, so jerkingly, painfully, yet rapidly, did his words tumble out; the kneeling circle ceasing not to call, in every variety of tone, on the name of Jesus; accompanied with sobs, groans, and a sort of low howling inexpressibly painful to listen to. But my attention was speedily withdrawn from the preacher, and the circle round him, by a figure which knelt alone at some distance; it was a living image of Scott's Macbride, as young, as wild, and as terrible. His thin arms tossed above his head, had forced themselves so far out of the sleeves, that they were bare to the elbow; his large eyes glared frightfully, and

he continued to scream without an instant's intermission the word 'Glory!' with a violence that seemed to swell every vein to bursting. It was too dreadful to look upon long, and we turned away shuddering.

"We made the circuit of the tents, pausing where attention was particularly excited by sounds more vehement than ordinary. We contrived to look into many; all were strewn with straw, and the distorted figures that we saw kneeling, sitting, and lying amongst it, joined to the woeful and convulsive cries, gave to each the air of a cell in Bedlam.

"One tent was occupied exclusively by negroes. They were all full-dressed, and looked exactly as if they were performing a scene on the stage. One woman wore a dress of pink gauze trimmed with silver lace; another was dressed in pale yellow silk; one or two had splendid turbans; and all wore a profusion of ornaments. The men were in snow-white pantaloons, with gay-coloured linen jackets. One of these, a youth of coal-black comeliness, was preaching with the most violent gesticulations, frequently springing high from the ground, and clapping his hands over his head. Could our missionary societies have heard the trash he uttered, by way of an address to the Deity, they might perhaps have doubted whether his conversion had much enlightened his mind.

"At midnight a horn sounded through the camp, which, we were told, was to call the people from private to public worship; and we presently saw them flocking from all sides to the front of the preacher's stand. Mrs. B. and I contrived to place ourselves with our backs supported against the lower part of this structure, and we were thus enabled to witness the scene which followed without personal danger. There were about two thousand persons assembled." i. 233—39.

We would advise Leslie or Newton to visit this same wild festival, and send a painting of it to the English market, glowing in all the natural colours, and enriched with all the variety of character which Mrs. Trollope saw, or imagined she saw, when she gave her pen-and-ink sketch. We would advise them, however, to embody the concluding portion of her account with a devout and delicate hand; for the sights which she wishes us to understand she saw, are not for the handling of any literal limner who wishes to paint nothing save what he can swear for:—

"The preachers came down from their stand and placed themselves in the midst of it, beginning to sing a hymn, calling upon the penitents to come forth. As they sung they kept turning themselves round to every part of the crowd, and, by degrees, the voices of the whole multitude joined in chorus. This was the only moment at which I perceived anything like the solemn and beautiful effect, which I had heard ascribed to this woodland worship. It is certain that the combined voices of such a multitude, heard at dead of night, from the depths of their eternal forests, the many fair young faces turned upward, and looking paler and lovelier as they met the moon-beams, the dark figures of the officials in the middle of the circle, the lurid glare thrown by the altar-fires on the woods beyond, did altogether produce a fine and solemn effect, that I shall not easily forget; but ere I had well enjoyed it, the scene changed, and sublimity gave place to horror and disgust.

"The exhortation nearly resembled that which I had heard at 'the Revival,' but the result was very different; for, instead of the few hysterical women who had distinguished themselves on that occasion, above a hundred persons, nearly all females, came forward, uttering howlings and groans, so terrible that I shall never cease to

shudder when I recall them. They appeared to drag each other forward, and on the word being given, 'let us pray,' they all fell on their knees; but this posture was soon changed for others that permitted greater scope for the convulsive movements of their limbs; and they were soon all lying on the ground in an indescribable confusion of heads and legs. They threw about their limbs with such incessant and violent motion, that I was every instant expecting some serious accident to occur.

"But how am I to describe the sounds that proceeded from this strange mass of human beings? I know no words which can convey an idea of it. Hysterical sobbings, convulsive groans, shrieks and screams the most appalling, burst forth on all sides. I felt sick with horror. As if their hoarse and overstrained voices failed to make noise enough, they soon began to clap their hands violently. The scene described by Dante was before me:—

Quivi sospiri pianti, ed alti guai

Risonavan per l'aere ———

——— Orribili favelle

Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira

Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle.

"Many of these wretched creatures were beautiful young females. The preachers moved about among them, at once exciting and soothing their agonies. I heard the muttered 'Sister! dear sister!' I saw the insidious lips approach the cheeks of the unhappy girls; I heard the murmured confessions of the poor victims, and I watched their tormentors, breathing into their ears consolations that tinged the pale cheek with red. Had I been a man, I am sure I should have been guilty of some rash act of interference; nor do I believe that such a scene could have been acted in the presence of Englishmen without instant punishment being inflicted; not to mention the salutary discipline of the tread-mill, which, beyond all question, would, in England, have been applied to check so turbulent and so vicious a scene.

"After the first wild burst that followed their prostration, the moanings, in many instances, became loudly articulate; and I then experienced a strange vibration between tragic and comic feeling.

"A very pretty girl, who was kneeling in the attitude of Canova's Magdalene immediately before us, amongst an immense quantity of jargon, broke out thus: 'Woe! woe to the backsliders! hear it, hear it, Jesus! when I was fifteen my mother died, and I backslided, oh Jesus, I backslided! take me home to my mother, Jesus! take me home to her, for I am weary! Oh John Mitchell! John Mitchell!' and after sobbing piteously behind her raised hands, she lifted her sweet face again, which was as pale as death, and said, 'Shall I sit on the sunny bank of salvation with my mother? my own dear mother? oh Jesus, take me home, take me home!'

"Who could refuse a tear to this earnest wish for death in one so young and so lovely? But I saw her, ere I left the ground, with her hand fast locked, and her head supported by a man who looked very much as Don Juan might, when sent back to earth as too bad for the regions below." i. 240—44.

We must lift up our voice like this gentle backslider, and exclaim, "Oh Mrs. Trollope! Mrs. Trollope! we hope, when this was going on, that you remembered you were an old woman." It has pained us much to speak as we have done, of the work of one so clever and sagacious, and who can handle the pen in a way so graceful and easy. We have seldom met with so much talent united to such sad prejudice.

Journal of an Expedition to explore the Course and Termination of the Niger; with a Narrative of a Voyage down that River to its Termination. By Richard and John Lander. 3 vols.

[Second Notice.]

WE resume our notice of this work, although our extracts can convey but a poor and very imperfect idea of the great interest of the simple narrative of the travellers. While they were at Boossà there was an eclipse:—

"About ten o'clock at night, when we were sleeping on our mats, we were suddenly awoken by a great cry of distress from innumerable voices, attended by a horrid clashing and clattering noise, which the hour of the night tended to make more terrific. Before we had time to recover from our surprise, old Pascoe rushed breathless into our hut, and informed us with a trembling voice that 'the sun was dragging the moon across the heavens.' Wondering what could be the meaning of so strange and ridiculous a story, we ran out of the hut half dressed, and we discovered that the moon was totally eclipsed. A number of people were gathered together in our yard, in dreadful apprehension that the world was at an end, and that this was but the 'beginning of sorrows.' We learnt from them that the Mahomedan priests residing in the city, having personified the sun and moon, had told the king and the people that the eclipse was occasioned through the obstinacy and disobedience of the latter luminary. They said that for a long time previously the moon had been displeased with the path she had been compelled to take through the heavens, because it was filled with thorns and briars, and obstructed with a thousand other difficulties; and therefore that, having watched for a favourable opportunity, she had this evening deserted her usual track, and entered into that of the sun. She had not, however, travelled far up the sky on the forbidden road, before the circumstance was discovered by the sun, who immediately hastened to her in his anger, and punished her dereliction by clothing her in darkness, forcing her back to her own territories, and forbidding her to shed her light upon the earth. This story, whimsical as it may seem, was received with implicit confidence in its truth by the king and queen, and most of the people of Boossà; and the cause of the noises which we had heard, and which were still continuing with renewed vehemence, was explained to us by the fact that they were all 'assembled together in the hope of being able to frighten away the sun to his proper sphere, and leave the moon to enlighten the world as at other times.'

"Little boys and girls were running to and fro, clashing empty calabashes against each other, and crying bitterly; groups of men were blowing on trumpets, which produced a harsh and discordant sound; some were employed in beating old drums; others again were blowing on bullock's horns; and in the short intervals between the rapid succession of all these fiend-like noises, was heard one more dismal than the rest, proceeding from an iron tube, accompanied by the clinking of chains. Indeed, everything that could increase the uproar was put in requisition on this memorable occasion; nor did it cease till midnight, when the eclipse had passed away." ii. 179—84.

The travellers here begun to descend the river, and the following narrative is admirably graphic:—

"The day had been excessively warm, and the sun set in beauty and grandeur, shooting forth rays tinged with the most radiant hues, which extended to the zenith. Nevertheless the appearance of the firmament, all glorious as it was, betokening a coming storm; the wind

whistled wildly through the tall rushes, and darkness soon covered the earth like a veil. This rendered us more anxious than ever to land somewhere, we cared not where, and to endeavour to procure shelter for the night, if not in a village, at least under a tree. Accordingly, rallying the drooping spirits of our men, we encouraged them to renew their exertions by setting them the example, and our canoe darted silently and swiftly down the current. We were enabled to steer her rightly by the vividness of the lightning, which flashed across the water continually, and by this means also we could distinguish any danger before us, and avoid the numerous small islands with which the river is interspersed, and which otherwise might have embarrassed us very seriously. But though we could perceive almost close to us several lamps burning in comfortable-looking huts, and could plainly distinguish the voices of their occupants, and though we exerted all our strength to get at them, we were foiled in every attempt, by reason of the sloughs and fens, and we were at last obliged to abandon them in despair. Some of these lights, after leading us a long way, eluded our search, and vanished from our sight like an *ignis fatuus*, and others danced about we knew not how nor where. But what was more vexatious than all, after we had got into an inlet, and toiled and tugged for a full half hour against the current, which in this little channel was uncommonly rapid, to approach a village from which we thought it flowed, both village and lights seemed to sink into the earth, the sound of the people's voices ceased of a sudden, and when we fancied we were actually close to the spot, we strained our eyes in vain to see a single hut,—all was gloomy, dismal, cheerless, and solitary. It seemed the work of enchantment; everything was as visionary as 'sceptres grasped in sleep.'

"We had paddled along the banks a distance of not less than thirty miles, every inch of which we had attentively examined, but not a bit of dry land could anywhere be discovered which was firm enough to bear our weight. Therefore, we resigned ourselves to circumstances, and all of us having been refreshed with a little cold rice and honey, and water from the stream, we permitted the canoe to drift down with the current, for our men were too much fatigued with the labours of the day to work any longer. But here a fresh evil arose, which we were unprepared to meet. An incredible number of hippopotami arose very near us, and came plashing, snorting, and plunging all round the canoe, and placed us in imminent danger. Thinking to frighten them off, we fired a shot or two at them, but the noise only called up from the water, and out of the fens, about as many more of their unwieldy companions, and we were more closely beset than before. Our people, who had never, in all their lives, been exposed in a canoe to such huge and formidable beasts, trembled with fear and apprehension, and absolutely wept aloud; and their terror was not a little increased by the dreadful peals of thunder which rattled over their heads, and by the awful darkness which prevailed, broken at intervals by flashes of lightning, whose powerful glare was truly awful. Our people tell us, that these formidable animals frequently upset canoes in the river, when every one in them is sure to perish. These came so close to us, that we could reach them with the butt end of a gun. When I fired at the first, which I must have hit, every one of them came to the surface of the water, and pursued us so fast over to the north bank, that it was with the greatest difficulty imaginable we could keep before them. Having fired a second time, the report of my gun was followed by a loud roaring noise, and we seemed to increase our distance from them

"Finding we could not induce our people to land, we agreed to continue on all night. The eastern horizon became very dark, and the lightning more and more vivid; indeed, we never recollect having seen such strong forked lightning before in our lives. All this denoted the approach of a storm. At eleven p.m., it blew somewhat stronger than a gale, and at midnight the storm was at its height. The wind was so furious, that it swept the water over the sides of the canoe several times, so that she was in danger of filling. Driven about by the wind, our frail little bark became unmanageable; but at length we got near a bank, which in some measure protected us, and we were fortunate enough to lay hold of a thorny tree, against which we were driven, and which was growing nearly in the centre of the stream. Presently we fastened the canoe to its branches, and wrapping our cloaks round our persons, for we felt overpowered with fatigue, and with our legs dangling half over the sides of the little vessel into the water, which for want of room we were compelled to do, we lay down to sleep. There is something, I believe, in the nature of a tempest, which is favourable to slumber, at least so thought my brother; for though the thunder continued to roar, and the wind to rage,—though the rain beat in our faces, and our canoe lay rocking like a cradle, still he slept soundly. The wind kept blowing hard from the eastward till after midnight, when it became calm. The rain then descended in torrents, accompanied with thunder and lightning of the most awful description. We lay in our canoe drenched with rain, and our little vessel was filling so fast, that two people were obliged to be constantly bailing out the water to keep her afloat. The water-elephants, as the natives term the hippopotami, frequently came snorting near us, but fortunately did not touch our canoe.

"The rain continued until three in the morning of the 17th, when it became clear, and we saw the stars sparkling like gems over our heads. Therefore, we again proceeded on our journey down the river, there being sufficient light for us to see our way, and two hours after, we put into a small, insignificant fishing-village, called *Dacannie*, where we landed very gladly." ii. 8-10.

On their arrival at Eboe, we have symptoms of approaching the coast, and of intercourse between the natives and Europeans:—

"The little we could see of the houses with which the shore is interspersed, gave us a very favourable impression of the judgment and cleanliness of the inhabitants of the town. They are neatly built of yellow clay, plastered over, and thatched with palm leaves: yards sprucely fenced are annexed to each of them, in which plantains, bananas, and cocoa-trees grow, exhibiting a pleasing sight, and affording a delightful shade. When we came alongside the large canoes already spoken of, two or three huge brawny fellows, in broken English, asked how we did, in a tone which Stentor might have envied; and the shaking of hands with our powerful friends was really a punishment, on account of the violent squeezes which we were compelled to suffer. The chief of these men calls himself *Gun*, though *Blunderbuss*, or *Thunder*, would have been as appropriate a name; and without solicitation, he informed us, that though he was not a great man, yet he was 'a little military king'; that his brother's name was *King Boy*, and his father's *King Forday*, who with 'King Jacket,' governed all the *Brass* country. But what was infinitely more interesting to us than this ridiculous list of kings, was the information he gave us, that, besides a Spanish schooner, an English vessel, called the 'Thomas of Liverpool,' was also lying in the first *Brass* river, which Mr. Gun said was frequented by Liverpool traders for palm-oil."

The costume of His Majesty is of the same

party-coloured fashion as the language of the people:—

"The dress of the King of the Eboe country somewhat resembles that which is worn, on state occasions, by the monarch of Yarriba. Its appearance was altogether brilliant; and from the vast profusion of coral ornaments with which he was decorated, Obie might not inappropriately be styled, 'the Coral King,' such an idea at all events entered our minds, as we contemplated the monarch, sitting on his throne of clay. His head was graced with a cap, shaped like a sugar-loaf, and covered thickly with strings of coral and pieces of broken looking-glass, so as to hide the materials of which it was made; his neck, or rather throat, was encircled with several strings of the same kind of bead, which were fastened so tightly, as in some degree to affect his respiration, and to give his throat and cheeks an inflated appearance. In opposition to these were four or five others hanging round his neck and reaching almost to his knees. He wore a short Spanish surtout of red cloth, which fitted close to his person, being much too small. It was ornamented with gold epaulettes, and the front of it was overspread with gold lace, but which, like the cap, was entirely concealed unless on a close examination, owing to the vast quantity of coral which was fastened to it in strings. Thirteen or fourteen bracelets (for we had the curiosity to count them) decorated each wrist, and to give them full effect, a few inches of the sleeves of the coat had been cut off purposely. The beads were fastened to the wrist with old copper buttons, which formed an odd contrast to them. The King's trousers, composed of the same material as his coat, stuck as closely to the skin as that, and was similarly embroidered, but it reached no further than the middle of his legs, the lower part of it being ornamented like the wrists, and with precisely the same number of strings of beads; besides which, a string of little brass bells encircled each leg above the ankles, but the feet were naked. Thus splendidly clothed, Obie, smiling at his own magnificence, vain of the admiration which was paid him by his attendants, and flattered without doubt by the presence of white men, who he imagined were struck with amazement at the splendour of his appearance, shook his feet for the bells to tinkle, sat down with the utmost self-complacency, and looked around him."

We have the less regret in parting with these highly-interesting volumes, because the price places them within the reach of the great majority of readers—but we cannot do so without expressing our admiration of the persevering courage and unaffected good sense of the travellers, and our best wishes that they may long live in happiness and prosperity.

Woman's Love; a Novel. By Mrs. Leman Grimstone. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1832. Saunders & Otley.

As this is the work of a lady, we looked for something soft, delicate, graceful,—and we found all we looked for, and more. 'Woman's Love,' shows much of the gentleness, generosity, and clinging affection of the sex, with now and then a bit of weakness and even wickedness; there is not a little of the moral and monitory, and, what the world loves still better, much of the bitter and the sarcastic. The story is of the domestic kind, and laid in our own days; the characters, both male and female, are such as may be found without any laborious search, for they have little originality; and the difficulties which embarrass the hero and heroine have been set forth before in novels, and are of a common-place kind. There are gratuitous

acts of scoundrelism, for which no adequate cause can be assigned, and impediments thrown in the way of the leading characters, which would be stepped over at once by any other legs but those which march through a novel. Many characters are introduced—Lord Conway, a hot-headed ridiculous bully; a devout Admiral, who swears he lives in dread of relics and crosses and pastoral crooks; Claudia Conway, a lady of enthusiasm and sudden impulses; Mrs. Fitzarran, handsome, heartless, fond of being wooed, and, though married, not unwilling to be won; Ida Dorrington, who loves moonlight woods and purling brooks, and other matters equally natural; and Charles Beresford, one of those gentle geniuses, created to be persecuted through three volumes, but who comes forth like the sun from the cloud, in the concluding chapters. There are, likewise, old dowagers, sharpers, mad women, mendicant strollers, and a justice of the peace.

Of all the characters, the most original is a certain virago, some six feet high, with a hawk nose, inquisitive eyes, and an imperious aspect, bearing the name of Miss Clapper-ton. To this amiable spinster, is entrusted the task of pulling her friends to pieces, and of clogging the wheels of the narrative when running too fast. We shall spare room for a sample of her sarcasms:—

"'But Ida, my dear,' resumed Miss Clapper-ton, 'I hope you are glad to see me, though you don't say so. I've come to stay a week, perhaps two, three, just as it happens. The Countess of Dromore was coming; the old Countess, I mean; but on hearing my intention she changed her mind. Means to inflict herself on Lady Cruise, her crooked cousin, who looked quite sour on the intimation—so I told the Countess, but she said, 'Never mind, most things keep well in vinegar.' I told the Countess she did right to think of preserves; I might have said repairs: for with all she does, time's pulling down the tenement she flirts in so long. Remember her a very pretty woman; not been that these last thirty years; but rouge, ringlets, pearl-powder, and false teeth, make her still pass in a crowd. Really, Mr. Beresford, the old fellow with the scythe and the hour-glass is a terrible Turk! now, for my own part, I never cared for him. Nature never made me for him to spoil; so that where he has been a foe to others he has been a friend to me. His touch could efface no beauty, for I never had any; it has therefore probably softened some deformity. He has left my strength unimpaired, and added to the funds on which I draw for thought in solitude, and converse in society. It is when I see him spoiling such a piece of perfection as this,' poking her immensely long finger, which might have been fatal as a fork, into Ida's face, 'that I think what a monster 'tis! Now I dare say you'd be perfectly content to see him throw his brick-bats at me, and break my bones *ad libitum*, if he but spared such china-ware as Ida Dorrington, and such splendid specimens of the species as Lady Claudia. If an edict of extermination could be sent out against old and ugly women, what a beautiful world would you gentlemen have it!'

"'Not unless,' cried Charles, speaking loudly and laughing, 'not unless we weeded the men in the same manner that you propose with your own sex.'

"'Well, in that case,' she rejoined, 'you'd be safe enough. Ida, 'twill be a good thing for you when more people come to this house. Love was born in solitude; that's the reason he always runs away when people get into the world. He's nursed up a little while in the honeymoon; but, hardly have the coach-wheels begun to rattle

over the stones of the metropolis, than he whips off to take up his abode with some pair situated just like you and Mr. Beresford. He sees you've nothing else to do, so he sets you to work making love, and a very pleasant way of spending time no doubt it is." i. 293-95.

We can give no more room to the sarcastic sallies of this domestic plague; nor have we leisure to descant on the clever image of childish impatience, untutored selfishness, and fickle nature, exhibited by Mrs. Fitzarran. The chief charm of the work lies in its conversations; the greatest defect, is the want of simplicity and unity of plot.

Fragments of Voyages and Travels. By Capt. Basil Hall, R.N. 2nd Series. 3 vols.

[Second Notice.]

THE third volume turns out to be, as we expected, the best of the three; and, in spite of the press of matter, we must try to get in a column or two edgewise.

To begin, we shall present the Captain in a character in which no one can have expected to meet him, except those who were capable of appreciating the power and beauty of his picture of the 'Calm at Sea,' which we exhibited last week. The scene of the present piece is the shore between Colabar and Malabar Point, called Back Bay; the flat sandy beach of which is belted by a grove of coconut trees, and their rich underwood of plantains, limes, and figs. This beautiful and secluded spot was chosen as the place for burning the bodies of the dead; and at the period Captain Hall treats of—while a frightful famine raged in the land—the funeral fires were seen blazing without intermission, night and day:—

"The periods of the day when I visited this strange scene were either in the morning, when the damp land-wind was just dying away into a calm, or in the afternoon, when the delicious sea-breeze still blew freshly home to the bottom of the bight, waving the plumes of the cocoanuts in fine style. In the morning the bay, not only within the two points, but quite out to the horizon, remained as smooth as a sheet of glass, without even a ripple large enough to break audibly on the sand; and as no swell rolled in from the offing, the sea, at such moments, lay so perfectly still, that all the surrounding objects on the shore, as well as those resting on the surface of the water, became reflected with a degree of sharpness in every respect like the originals.

"The funeral piles being placed just within the margin of the beach, at the very water's edge, and fringing the shore, there rose up, in the most striking manner, nearly at equal intervals, a hundred pillars of smoke, as it were guarding the coast; or like tall columns stretching their heads into the air, many times higher than the highest trees of the dark, thickly planted tope, or grove, further inland, not a single leaf of which seemed now in motion.

"What added something of a mysterious and unearthly character to this solemn scene, was its perfect silence. Scarcely a sound could be heard along the whole shore, though within the space of a mile many hundreds of persons might be seen flitting about. Had it not been for the frequent splash, as another and another dead body was dipped in the sea, or a low word or two escaping from the natives as they arranged the pile on which the corpse was to be consumed, or the crackling of some fire fanned into more brisk action than the rest by a casual flaw of wind whisking in from the bay, the whole might have passed for a ghost-like vision. As I moved

up and down the melancholy beach, I passed apparently as totally unnoticed by the natives as if I had been invisible. On every side I could see indistinctly through the smoke and flames, heads and arms, and half-destroyed bodies, falling down and mingling in a confused heap with the blazing faggots, each pile being surrounded and kept in order by a group of silent, ghastly, hunger-worn Hindoos. It became difficult at times not to fancy the whole scene a mere delusion of the senses!" iii. 75-7.

We had half a mind to puff away these terrible smokes with a gale of tobacco sweeter than the sweet south; but we must content ourselves with giving notice, that we are ready to back Captain Hall's Blast against King Jamie's Counterblast any day of the year. We cannot, however, in justice to this light-hearted but observant sailor, refrain from quoting at least a part of his dissertation on the two strange animals afloat—viz. Johnnies and Jollies,—*anglicè*, Sailors and Marines:—

"The words Marine and Mariner differ by one small letter only: but no two races of men, I had well nigh said no two animals, differ from one another more completely than the 'Jollies' and the 'Johnnies.' The marines, as I have before mentioned, are enlisted for life, or for long periods, as in the regular army, and, when not employed afloat, are kept in barracks, in such constant training, under the direction of their officers, that they are never released for one moment of their lives from the influence of strict discipline and habitual obedience. The sailors, on the contrary, when their ship is paid off, are turned adrift, and so completely scattered abroad, that they generally lose, in the riotous dissipation of a few weeks, or it may be days, all they have learned of good order during the previous three or four years. Even when both parties are placed on board ship, and the general discipline maintained in its fullest operation, the influence of regular order and exact subordination is at least twice as great over the marines as it ever can be over the sailors. Many, I may say, most of their duties are entirely different. It is true, both the marines and the seamen pull and haul at certain ropes leading along the quarter-deck; both assist in scrubbing and washing the decks; both eat salt junk, drink grog, sleep in hammocks, and keep watch at night; but in almost every other thing they differ. As far as the marines are concerned, the sails would never be let fall, or reefed, or rolled up. There is even a positive Admiralty order against their being made to go aloft; and, accordingly, a marine in the rigging is about as ridiculous and helpless an object, as a sailor would prove if thrust into a tight, well pipe-clayed pair of pantaloons, and barred round the throat with a stiff stock." iii. 282-3.

A marine, moreover, can no more row than a sailor can go through the manual exercise. If a marine attempted to take the soundings, he would break his scone with the lead; and if a sailor tried to march in line—heaven help his bow-legs!

"In short, without going further, it may be said, that the colour of their clothing, and the manner in which it is put on, do not differ more from one another than the duties and habits of the marines and sailors. Jack wears a blue jacket, and the Jolly wears a red one. Jack would sooner take a round dozen than be seen with a pair of braces across his shoulders; while the marine, if deprived of his suspensors, would speedily be left sans culotte. A thorough-going, barrack-bred, regular-built marine, in a ship of which the sergeant-major truly loves his art, has, without any very exaggerated metaphor, been compared to a man who has swallowed a

set of fire-irons; the tongs representing the legs, the poker the back-bone, and the shovel the neck and head. While, on the other hand, your sailor-man is to be likened to nothing, except one of those delicious figures in the fantoccini show-boxes, where the legs, arms, and head, are flung loosely about to the right and left, no one bone apparently having the slightest organic connexion with any other; the whole being an affair of strings, and springs, and universal joints!

"The marines live, day and night, in the after part of the ship, close to the apartments of the officers; their arm-chest is placed on the quarter-deck; their duties, even in cases where they are most mixed up with those of the seamen, group them well aft. The marines are exclusively planted as sentries at the cabin-doors of the captain and the officers; and even the look-out-men on the quarters, at night, are taken from the royal corps. To all this it may be added, that the marines furnish the officers with such small service, in the way of attendance, as they may require, and generally wait at table." 286.

The difference between sailor and marine is strikingly exemplified; and, in unshaken fidelity, it appears, that the latter have the advantage:—

"In a well-known instance of mutiny on board a frigate, the operation of these principles was shown in a most striking manner. The captain was one of that class of officers, now happily extinct, whose chief authority consisted in severity. To such an excess was this pushed, that his ship's company, it appears, were at length roused to actual revolt, and proceeded in a tumultuous, but apparently resolute body, to the quarter-deck. It is extremely curious to remark, that the same stern system of discipline which had driven the seamen into revolt, had likewise been applied to the marines without weakening their paramount sense of duty under any circumstances. Such, at all events, was the force of habit and discipline, that when the captain ordered them to fall in, they formed instantly, as a matter of course, across the deck. At his farther orders, they loaded their muskets with ball, and screwed on their bayonets. Had the corps now proved traitors, all must have been lost; but the captain, who, with all his faults of temper and system, was yet a great, and gallant, and clear-headed officer, calculated with good reason upon a different result. Turning first to the mutineers, he called out, 'I'll attend to you directly!'

"And then addressing the soldiers, he said, with a tone of such perfect confidence of manner, and so slightly interrogative as to furnish its own answer,

"You'll stand by your king and country?" "The marines thus appealed to said nothing, but grasped their fire-arms with an air of fixed resolution. It was exactly one of those occasions when silence gives the most expressive of all consents; and the captain, assured that if he were now only true to himself, the soldiers would be true to their duty, exclaimed,

"Then, royal and loyal marines, we don't care a damn for the blue jackets!"

"And, stepping forwards, he seized the two principal ring-leaders by the throat, one with each hand, and calling out, in a voice of thunder, to the rest, instantly to move off the quarter-deck, he consigned the astonished and deserted culprits to the master-at-arms, by whom they were speedily and quietly placed in double irons—and the whole mutiny was at an end!" 317-19.

But this is not all. The fate of the disciplinarian and the disciplined forms at once one of the most appalling and the most affecting story we ever read—and with it we shall conclude.

"The successful issue of the recent mutiny,

and his well-grounded confidence in his own resources, had taught him to believe that he could command the services of his people, not only on ordinary occasions, but at moments of utmost need. Here was his grand mistake. The obedience he exacted at the point of the lash had no heartiness in it; and when the time came that the argument of force could no longer be used, and when the bayonets of the marines had lost their terrors, there was read to him, and in letters of blood, the bitterest lesson of retributive justice that perhaps was ever pronounced to any officer since the beginning of the naval service.

"The frigate under command of this energetic officer, when in company with another ship, chased two French frigates off the Isle of France. As his ship sailed much faster than her consort, he soon outstripped her, and closed with the enemy single-handed. The Frenchmen, seeing only one ship near them, and the other far astern, shortened sail, and prepared for the attack, which, however, they could hardly suppose would be undertaken by one ship. In this expectation, however, they underrated the gallant spirit of her commander, who, unquestionably, was one of the bravest officers in the service. It is said, also, that he deemed himself, at this critical moment of his fate, one of the most fortunate of men, to possess such an opportunity for distinction. Seeing the enemy's frigates within his reach, and well knowing what his men could execute if they chose,—never dreaming for a moment that they would fail him at this pinch—he exclaimed, in the greatest rapture, 'We shall take them both! steer right for them! and now, my brave lads, stand to your guns, and show what you are made of!'

"This was the last order he ever gave! The men obeyed, and stood to their guns, like gallant fellows as they were: but they stood there only to be shot to death. They folded their arms, and neither loaded nor fired a single shot, in answer to the pealing broadsides which the unresisted and astonished enemy were pouring fast in upon them! Now had arrived the dreadful moment of revenge for them—as their captain, who was soon struck down like the rest, lived only long enough to see the cause of his failure, and to witness the shocking sight of his gallant and self-devoted crew cut to pieces, rather than move their hands to fire one gun to save the credit of their commander—all consideration for their own lives, or for the honour of their country, appearing to be absorbed in their desperate determination to prove at last how completely they had it in their power to show their sense of the unjust treatment they had received."

WAVERLEY NOVELS.—VOL. XXXV.

Redgauntlet. Vol. I.

A pleasant Preface and one or two personal anecdotes give interest to this volume. The illustrations are both good—the vignette, by Inskipp, capital.

New Guide to the "Lions" of London. With numerous Illustrations by Bonner. London, 1832. Kidd.

Mr. Kidd turns his wood-cuts to most ingenious uses. We meet with many old acquaintances in this little volume; but they look well, and are serviceable and welcome. The work is very tastily got up—contains information that cannot fail to be useful to a stranger, and is remarkably cheap.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

STANZAS ON THE LATE FAST-DAY.

Who calls out on Pride
That can therein tax any private party?

THE wrath of God—the wrath of God
Is pour'd upon a guilty land:
Who can despise His threaten'd rod?
His gather'd vengeance who withstand?
What may this vast corruption be
That makes our God his face to hide—
That "flows as hugely as the sea,"
And swallows all it reaches?—Pride.

The pride of reason and of power,
The pride of knowledge and of skill,
The pride of beauty's passing flower,
And of ungovernable will.
Pride—that deforms our beauteous vales
With riot fierce and gloomy rage—
That makes o'erflow our groaning galls
With desperate youth and harden'd age.

Pride—that perverts the sacred theme,
By glosses drawn from man's decrees—
That makes an atom judge supreme
Of heaven's eternal mysteries.

Pride—that the towering statesman steels
To point th' unhesitating wound,
And, reckless what his victim feels,
To dart sarcastic lightnings round;

That bids the pamper'd heirs of wealth
From misery's plaint regardless turn;
The confident in strength and health,
Grey hairs and pale diseases spurn;

Self-honour'd Virtue bar the door
To Penitence for errors past;
And self-styl'd wit despise the lore
That sage Antiquity held fast;

Half-letter'd Pedantry assume
The lofty magisterial speech,
And level by one general doom
The heights it is not given to reach.

All sects, all classes, all degrees
Of men that move beneath the sun,
One universal madness seize
Of struggling not to be outdone.

Hence mutual jealousies and jeers,
Deadly revenges, devilish hates;
And hours perform the task of years,
In urging on the fall of states.

Haste, Britain, to thy mercy seat,
And gird thy robe of sackcloth on;
And thus in solemn strains repeat,
Devoutly prostrate at the throne:—

"The wrath of God—the wrath of God
Is pour'd upon a guilty land:
None may despise His threaten'd rod—
His gather'd vengeance none withstand.

"Yet, Lord, our humble offering take,
And turn no more thy face aside;
While at thy altar we forsake
Our rebel will, our sinful pride.

"The festering plagues that round us wait,
Are but the type of that within.
Oh, Lord! by thy great power abate
The moral pestilence of sin!

"So may our land Thy holy name
Again with hymns of triumph sing—
Again with ceaseless shouts proclaim,
The Lord of Hosts is Britain's king!"

LIVING ARTISTS.—No. XIV.

WILLIAM HILTON, R.A.

HOGARTH, in one of his satiric works, represents the influence of patronage upon English painting by the symbol of a tree with three branches: the bough, which implied Landscape, kept green, but did not grow—
that which stood for History was shrivelled

in the bark and withered in the leaf—while the third, which perfigured Portrait, flourished like the green bay-tree. As painting was in those days, so is it still: the historic branch is shrunk and withered for want of public aid, while the great watering pipe of patronage flows continually for that of portraiture, and likenesses flourish in the land. One of the chief apostles in the unprofitable line of historic painting, is William Hilton; for these many years he has continued to swim against the running stream of public inclination: he has resisted discouragement in silence and tranquillity of heart—other artists have murmured much, but he has been resigned: he has neither submitted to subscriptions, nor petitioned the House of Commons. Year after year has witnessed the appearance of some new and noble performance of his: as many of his works are purchased as enable him to live, and he paints on, in hope that better days are at hand. We heard, indeed, several years ago, that, weary of working on the barren branch of history, he had set his brushes in order, and mixed his palette for portraits; but the rumour died away, nor were we at all sorry; for though we know that following the muse of history has "damned his fortune to the groat," yet we feel that the recompense in fame will hereafter not be small. Indeed, we would rather see him striving, like Wilson or Barry, to keep soul and body coldly together, with a pint of porter and a crust of bread, while he painted scenes from Milton and Spenser, than see him grow rich in likeness-taking, and riding out with lacqueys behind him, to get an appetite for dinner.

To the task of historical painting Hilton has brought a correct eye, a clear sense of form and quantity, considerable skill in colour, and unrivalled accuracy in drawing. He conceives well, groups naturally, and works freely. There is much beauty and grace in his productions: he has so much softness in his flesh, and fascination in his outlines, that he has half enticed us into a liking for allegory. He makes himself intimate with the poet, whose ideas he desires to embody. Spenser seems a great favourite; yet he disdains not to find subjects in obscurer authors: one of his pictures in Lord de Tabley's gallery was from a ballad called 'The Mermaid,' by Allan Cunningham. There is sometimes, however, a deficiency of dramatic power observable in his works: he has too little of that intense earnestness of purpose, which compositions of the kind demand. In this he resembles West more than any painter we know: all that the most perfect art demands is there, save a little vitality—that ethereal touch, which sets all in motion, and which may be called the soul of the performance. To paint fine groups, admirable in outline, graceful in attitude, and dipped in the fairest hues of heaven, is certainly a great achievement; but to inspire them with sentiment and feeling, and make them live in every limb, is a higher achievement still. Now, we do not mean to apply all this to the performances of Hilton; on the contrary, we have seen several of his pictures inspired as high as we could wish, and life and action impressed till we were even more than content. But these were,—and we were glad of it,—all subjects taken from the poets. Of his performances from Scripture we are not at all

admirers; and we may say of his 'Release of St. Peter,' as a poet said of the Scriptural works of Blackmore,—

He undid creation at a jerk,
And of redemption made damned work.

We confess that we love Scripture as it stands, without painter's gloss or grammarian's comment; and we may moreover add, that we never saw a single painting,—and noble ones we have seen,—which raised us one iota higher than the simple words themselves had before raised us. We wish he would dip his brushes in things equally noble, though less sacred: a gallery formed from Spenser, and Thomson, and Collins, and Byron, would find many admirers.

Hilton, on the resignation of Thomson, who succeeded the captious Fuseli, was made Keeper of the Royal Academy. There is a small salary attached—there is also an apartment for study, and another for repose—and, on the whole, his brethren have endeavoured to recompense him, as far as they could, for the sacrifices which he has continued to make in the cause of historical painting. As he is a man with a gentle voice, and mild and unassuming manners, he is much liked by the students, who compare him with Fuseli, as they would sunshine with storm. If we have not the learning of the Swiss, we have the gentlemanly ease of the Englishman; and though he cannot reprimand the students in fifteen living languages, he can give them most useful instructions in their native tongue, which is sufficient for the purpose. There is no doubt, that had Hilton given way to despondency, and lifted in his vexation the pencil of portraiture, he would have succeeded in becoming popular. His fine drawing, his agreeable colouring, and his knowledge of nature, as well as art, would have made the labour easy;—ladies who covet divine shapes and heavenly hues, would have flocked to his easel; and gentlemen, desirous of having their heads made historical, would have followed. Then the painter would have avoided all the cost of fancy and outlay of invention, which the historic style requires. Reynolds, according to Northcote, complained that the historic style cost him too dear; that is to say, it ate up time, required reading, a little thought, and a poetic feeling akin to that which inspired the historian or the poet. This did not suit Sir Joshua: to him portrait painting, with the shape and expression ripe and ready to be stamped off at so many hours' sitting, was a kind of royal mint engine, which coined gold at the rate of five guineas per hour: whereas, in historical painting, he had to sink his shaft, find the vein, dig the gold, and wash, refine, melt, and stamp it—a toil which made, even when payments were sure, a very niggardly return compared to the Aladdin lamp sort of work to which he was accustomed.

APRIL FOOLS.

YOUTH, to whose inexperienced view
The world appears in brightest hue,
Give to thy ardent fancy scope,
Indulge the fairy dreams of hope,
The warning voice of age deride,
And in the beauteous charm confide:—

April fool! April fool!

'Tis the mirage o'er desert dust
That mocks your hope, betrays your trust.

Wake, Genius, wake, with daring pinions
Soar beyond space and time's dominions;

Boldly pursue thy daring flight
To unknown worlds of life and light;
In honour's page thy name shall shine,
Eternity of fame is thine:—

April fool! April fool!

Say, who thy eagle course behold?
The dull, the senseless, and the cold.

Poor student, in that humble cell
Where poverty and learning dwell,
Grudge not to waste the midnight oil,
Spare not thy frame in ceaseless toil;
Knowledge thy labour shall repay,
And lead to wealth, to rank, to sway:—

April fool! April fool!

Banish at once that pleasing vision,
Learning is now the world's derision.

Hail to the patriot!—let thy zeal
Lead thee to guard the common weal;
A grateful country's fond regard
Shall pay thee with a rich reward;
A nation's heart, sincerely thine,
Shall raise thy image in its shrine:—

April fool! April fool!

The crowd's applause is breath at best,
And public gratitude's a jest.

EXPENSES OF DRURY LANE THEATRE, AND HIGH SALARIES OF PERFORMERS.

A Sunday paper, in speaking of this subject, makes a most extraordinary assertion. We were aware that the nightly expenses of the house were very great, but were by no means prepared to find from such undoubted authority, that "*Captain Polhill pays 250*l.* every time his curtain is raised.*" Upon this scale, a five-act play, an interlude, and a farce, will make his outlay two thousand pounds for the night! After this, no one can wonder at the concern being unprofitable. But to leave off joking, the same paragraph states, with an air of great indignation, that "*Mrs. Wood lately netted 100*l.* in one week; namely, 60*l.* from Drury Lane, (with the aid of her husband,) 20*l.* from the Ancient Concerts, and 20*l.* from the Managers of the Oratorios.*" It goes on to say, "This is vastly too much in these days of depression; and, indeed, the salaries and emoluments of all performers, are far above the level of the payment of any other profession or trade." And again, farther on, the following laws are coolly laid down—"The very best actress or actor now on the stage, ought not to receive more than 20*l.* a week; and for this they ought to be compelled to play whenever their services can be useful." Really—ought not they, and ought they? We should be glad to know where our worthy cotemporary, who seems to care so much more about managers than actors, learned that newspaper critics have the right of fixing the salaries, and regulating the duties of actors; and still more, where he learned that it is not as free to actors as to the members of any other profession or trade, to carry their commodities to the best market. They are called servants of the public, it is true, and so in a certain degree they are—but the compact only extends to the correct fulfilment of their duties, according to the best of their abilities while they are on the stage and before the public; and there it most properly ends. The price at which performers are to be had, must and will, like the price of everything else, be regulated by supply and demand—and there is no earthly reason why it should not be so. If the writer of the article in question had an exclusive supply of any commodity in general demand, we suspect he would cry out loudly against the man who should pretend to say that he had no right to take advantage of his good fortune, and make the most money he could—nay, we will put a case home to him, and ask him whether or not he would feel himself aggrieved, if he were the only person extant capable of writing theatrical notices, and were told "you shall

not have more than fifteen shillings a week, and you shall be 'compelled' to write for any paper that chooses to employ you." The doctrine is absurd—it is monstrous. The evil, if it be one, carries its own corrective with it. Actors have an undoubted right to ask whatever terms they please. Managers are not compelled to accede to them—if they do, it is because they expect to find their account in it—if they find that account, who is injured? And if they don't, they will not give so much another time. Managers do not give high salaries to individual performers from choice, but from necessity. What causes that necessity? The scarcity of good ones. Who, then, besides the writer we have alluded to, shall presume to say that the few who possess superior talents, shall not be paid for their superiority? Why does Mr. John Cramer receive a guinea a lesson for teaching the pianoforte, when there are plenty of instructors to be had at three and five shillings?—because Mr. John Cramer is a better teacher than others, and properly chooses to be paid in proportion (or out of proportion, if he likes it better,) for so being. In the same way, Mrs. Wood commands and receives—aye, and will command, and will receive—a higher salary than other singers. When we see the supply of good actors and good singers exceed the demand, and find any manager, although able, from the depreciation in price, consequent upon over-supply, to make engagements on his own terms, taking a new tone, and saying to those whom he selects, "It is true, I can have you for three or five pounds a week, but I choose to pay you twenty, because your talents deserve such remuneration," we will give up a portion, if not the whole of our arguments. Until then, we must decline. And yet managers are seldom mentioned by the press, without some such epithets, as "liberal," "spirited," "active," "enterprising," &c., before their names. Are they, generally speaking, liberal? For further information, inquire among the subordinates of the profession, where the supply exceeds the demand, and where, consequently, without it's being publicly noticed, they can grind. Are they, generally speaking, liberal? Inquire among those authors who depend solely on their profession, and where, also, they have too frequently the power of driving a hard bargain—and it will be found, that the fingers of one hand will be sufficient to count the instances where extra remuneration has been volunteered as a reward for extra success. Above all, let us see more instances of the public, who are so kind as to designate actors as their servants, caring two straws what becomes of a favourite performer after he has finally quitted the stage, before any of that public presume to dictate what terms he shall make while on it, or tell him that a profession, which, from its nature, is precarious above all others, ought not to produce to its followers profit, in an increased proportion, while the time for its exercise lasts.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THERE is more knowledge abroad in our land than formerly, but we question if men are individually so learned and deeply acquainted with the mysteries of art and nature, as they were an hundred years ago. The world has received a varnish; all is shining and showy; a little is known of everything, much of nothing; our children's tables are heaped with books, of which they can only acquire a smattering, and our own are filled with works on all subjects under the sun, and at prices so astonishingly low, that we marvel how so much can be given for so little. But, after a moment's reflection, we do not marvel quite so much. The linen,

which fifty years ago was as tough as leather, and wore till we were weary, has now been rendered, through chemical applications, as frail as the paper on which we write, and the good steel knife, which fifty years since bore the name of "Sheffield" with honour to the ends of the earth, and could be had for sixpence, is now—thanks to the spirit of commercial rivalry—only a knife to the sight, and, like Lander's Whitechapel needles, wants all that renders it serviceable. In like manner, our literature has grown shallow and showy; the public thirst for novelty is so great, that it scarcely regards the quality of the liquor; a book is, as a newspaper, to be glanced through, thrown aside, and never again taken up, and the world, like a mighty glutton, bolts all down and gapes for more. We have fallen into this line of reflection, on looking at a list of projected works, in which we see a *Penny Magazine*, advertised by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. We remember when "The Two-penny Trash" was a fertile subject for sarcasm; what manner of magazine this may be, we know not; we fear "eye of newt and toe of frog," and shall keep a look out that the lieges have wholesome viands spread before them.

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy is expected to be very splendid this season; each of the members, it is said, will send their full allowance of works, and we have heard it avowed, that portraits will be less numerous than formerly. Wilkie will be in great force, both with historical and domestic pictures. Turner, though he has given much of his time to the magnificent scenery of the poems of Sir Walter Scott, has some works of a poetic stamp, ready to meet the landscapes of his rival Calcott; the President has some excellent portraits—so has Phillips, so has Pickersgill: Etty, Allan, Howard, Collins, Jones, Hilton, and others, who support the attractions of the Exhibition annually, will in some cases excel their former efforts. Nor will the sculpture be otherwise than worthy of the paintings. We are, indeed, glad to hear, that so many noble works are ready for the eye of the world. Art is by no means a very remunerating pursuit, and for the last twelve months it has been sadly depressed: but the nightmare will soon, we hope, cease to press upon it, and public feeling, flowing in a natural channel, will soothe and encourage it in producing works worthy of the country.

The continental scholars have commenced a furious war about the personal identity of Homer, France contending for "the old man of Scio," and Germany dividing his fame among hundreds. We have a review of one of the works lately published now in type, and it is probable it may appear next week, in which we have ventured a few words on the subject.

Tait's Magazine has arrived, and we have glanced hastily over it; the articles are varied, and deficient neither in wit nor in argument. The first, on the ministry, is keen and sharp; the writer is too wise to be pleased with anything; he likes little in the present administration, and less in the last; he is skilful in the art of pulling down, and ignorant in that of building up; but, he is a clever grumbler. There are other papers as worthy of perusal and of praise as this; some of a festive or conversational nature, are much to our

taste. What we like least is the critical portion—here was an open field for a new magazine; but we are presented with notices of literature, hurried and brief, and stuck into a portion of the work, to which, none but inveterate readers like ourselves will find their way. This should be amended.

The remains of Muzio Clementi were interred on Thursday last, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, in the same grave with those of Shield. The funeral service was from Purcell, Green, and Horsley. Dr. Croft's anthem, "I am the Resurrection," was chaunted by the three great choirs: the effect was most sublime, and deeply felt by all present.

The Oratorios have not been very successful this season, although the performances have been, on the whole, better than usual. An extraordinary player on the trumpet, who belonged to the late King's Band, was, according to the *Tattler*, rapturously encored in a solo on Wednesday. We mention this circumstance because it reflects disgrace on the musical managers in the metropolis, that many of the fine performers of that band, so unceremoniously discharged on the death of the late King, have been driven to earn a livelihood in provincial towns; while the brass instruments of our theatrical and concert bands are many of them in such inferior hands—the Opera band on Tuesday last in proof! And while on this subject, we may observe, that the Philharmonic Society seem to us to neglect the merit of Potter as a composer. We have heard some of his compositions quite as good as Ries's 'Don Carlos,' performed on Monday.

The national theatres are either ruined or fast going to ruin. Covent Garden is carried on, like a strolling company, by the performers, who divide the profits; and the manager of Drury is said to have lost ten thousand pounds: to add to his perplexity, dissensions have arisen, and Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and Mr. Phillips, have thrown up their engagements.

The success, or ill success of the Italian Opera has not been made so public; let us therefore hope for its better fortune. A new ballet is to be produced this day, the music by a Count Somebody, and report says it is got up with great splendour. Mariani and Tosi have arrived.

There are numberless Exhibitions just opened, and many of them not worth reporting on. Mr. Haydon's 'Zenophon,' however, is an exception; it is a fine picture, in which there is much to commend, although he has made the accessories far too predominant, and the main incident is but a "picture in little" in the remote distance.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

March 29.—George Rennie, Esq., Vice President, in the chair.—A Report upon Professor Airy's paper 'On an inequality of long period in the Motions of the Earth and Venus,' by John William Lubbock, Esq. and Professor Whewell, was read.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

March 26.—G. W. Hamilton, Esq., in the chair.—A paper, entitled 'Notes on America,' by Captain J. E. Alexander, was read. It was a continuation of a former paper, and the

observations in the present extend from the Spanish Main, up the Mississippi, into the States. Captain Alexander observed, in allusion to the Isthmus of Darien, that "last year, goods were sent from New Orleans to Chagres, and transported on mules to the shores of the Pacific, from whence they were shipped to Manilla. A company is formed at Panama, and proposals will soon be sent to England to construct a waggon-road, thirty-six miles in length, from the head of the navigation of the Chagres to Panama. The expense is estimated at 400,000 dollars, and the shares are to be 200 dollars each." In his progress up the Mississippi, Captain Alexander met with the Chactaw Indians migrating to the western side of the Mississippi. It appears to be the practice of the American government to drive these Indians away to the west, when they will not locate and be content to live by agriculture; and, in compliance with these regulations, the Chactaws were leaving their hunting grounds, though with great reluctance. Captain Alexander is of opinion, that the Americans have not done their utmost to reclaim the Indians from their wild habits; and drew a comparison between their treatment and that of the Mexican Indians, more particularly those in California, much in favour of the Spanish government.

Extracts were read of letters from Colonel Dumaresq and Major Mitchell, at Sydney, mentioning the discovery of a river running to the north-west from Liverpool Plains. It is reported to have been discovered by a runaway convict, who states that it is navigable. Major Mitchell was on the point of setting out to explore it in company with the discoverer at the time dispatches left Sydney.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 28.—The President, Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., in the chair.—The Earl of Munster, Thomas Bodley, Esq., Capt. Alexander Robe, R.E., Robert Hunter, Esq., Mr. Sergeant Taddy, Rev. Frederick William Hope, John Cotterell Powell, Esq., Joshua Trimmer, Esq., Henry Mac Lauchlan, Esq., J. Robinson Wright, Esq., Hon. W. C. W. Fitzwilliam, and Dr. Daun, were elected Fellows.

A paper was first read on the geology of Pulo Pinang and the neighbouring islands, by Dr. Ward, of the Madras Medical Establishment, and communicated by the President; and afterwards a memoir, by Mr. Louis Albert Necker, For. Mem. G.S., in which the author endeavours to bring under general geological laws the position of metalliferous veins, in respect to the rock formations, of which the crust of the earth is formed.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	Linnean Society	Eight, P.M.
	Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
WEDNES.	Royal Society of Literature ..	Three, P.M.
	Society of Arts	p. 7, P.M.
THURSD.	Royal Society	p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
	Zoological Society	Three, P.M.
FRIDAY,	Royal Institution	p. 8, P.M.
SATURD.	Royal Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.
	Westminster Medical Society ..	Eight, P.M.

FINE ARTS

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. [Second Notice.]

A second visit to Suffolk Street has but confirmed the impression the pictures made, that we noticed last week; and it has added a few more to the amount of those which we had marked out for approbation. We have, however, no abatement to make in our praise; and we see nothing so far amiss as to require censure, unless we allude to the deficiency

of skill and genius but too visible in some of the male portraits with which the walls are encumbered. We see that some of our critical contemporaries have been much enraptured with 'The Coronation Cavalcade,' by DAVIS: we examined the picture again, by the new lights which our friends furnished, and were struck with nothing beyond their admiration of Royalty, which kept them from speaking slightly of a work the king had commanded to be painted. We hope his Majesty will choose his new peers with as much judgment as he selected his painter.

'The Reform Question' CLATER.—This is clever, and to the point: three figures are represented, with a candle throwing its light upwards on their faces, busied in consulting a newspaper upon this important question. One seems almost bursting with desire to speak—one is listening with a sneer—nor is the one who is reading anything more than pleased. It is a good satire upon those three heartless factions which share the island among them.

334. 'Madeline' BOXALL.—A fair picture, but not equal to other works which we have seen lately from the artist's hand. There is a good deal of poetic feeling about him; and were he more decided in his outlines, and clearer in his colouring, we should like him all the better.

346. 'Whisht, Collie, that's the Laird' GILES.—A natural scene, and a sentiment well expressed. The shepherd is seated on a hill side—the dog, which he is reproving for presuming to bark at the proprietor of the ground, is a little in advance—and the laird himself is seen descending, with some dignity, a steep bank which leads to his dwelling.

370. 'The Broken Pitcher' KIDD.—The scene of this picture is laid at the door of the old Guard House, Edinburgh, and one of the characters is John Kennedy, the last surviving veteran of a corps once formidable to students of law, physic, and divinity—professions which attract some of the wildest spirits of the north. In the present instance, the strength of the guard is used on a mischievous boy, who has wantonly broken a pitcher at the public well in the High Street. There is some humour and some coarseness in the delineation.

384. 'The Gamester's last Hit, not a Miss' CLATER.—A handsome spendthrift runs from the gaming-table to the feet of a venerable and withered spinster, who listens to his address with delighted ears and averted eyes. There seems little doubt that he will carry his point, and as little that he will scatter her fortune as soon as he can lay his hand on it.

385. 'What Luck!' TENNANT.—A clever picture, and, for its nature and colouring, well worth looking at twice.

395. 'Scarborough, from the Shore' ALLEN.—There is much truth in this landscape, and some skill in the handling: it has fac-simile resemblance enough to recall to the memory the scene which it represents; and it has enough of poetic management to ensure the approbation of those who are delighted chiefly with scenes from the fancy.

410. Scene from the opera of 'Cinderella'—the 'Procession to the Ball' CAWSE.—The stage only imposes affectation upon the painter for nature: we never saw a scene transferred from Covent Garden or Drury Lane to the artist's canvas, that was at all endurable. The tawdry finery—the smearings of the face—the over-wrought energies, and the put-on passion of the boards, mislead both students and academicians. The present picture is cleverly painted; but what is not natural and unaffected is worthless.

420. 'Snowdon, with the Lakes of Llanberis and Dolbadren Tower' NOBLE.—We love to see the wild mountain and lake scenes of our

own land spread out in the beauty of colours; and have often felt surprise at artists seeking the picturesque in foreign lands, which they might have found without travel at home.

437. 'Mills, near Canterbury' WILSON.—There is always something about the landscapes of this artist which induces us to turn back and renew our pleasure by a second look: he is natural, both in his management of the scene, and in the colour in which he delineates it.

422. 'Waggon crossing a Brook'—scene in Derbyshire; CRESWICK.—There is some force in this picture, and some nature also; but both are a little exaggerated. The colouring is such as neither the brooks, the fields, the waggons, nor the skies of Derbyshire produce. If this artist would study more accurately, and imitate more closely the harmonious combinations and light and shade of nature, he would do greater justice to his conceptions, which are not without merit.

466. 'The Lord Chancellor' LONSDALE.—This is certainly not the happiest of the painter's portraits: the posture is easy, and the arrangement of wig and robe accurate; but he has missed in a great degree that indescribable mixture of courtesy and haughtiness, scornful humour and kindness of nature—that kind of go-to-the-devil and come-to-my-bosom sort of expression, which characterizes the living original. He that can paint a will-o'-wisp—now shining on the deep pool, then on the dry land—one moment seeming a light from above, another a light from below—glancing on all things, yet to nothing steady—may consider that he has prepared his palette and his hand for dashing in a good likeness of Lord Brougham and Vaux.

Want of space makes us pause here: we shall find room next week for a few more notices, including the Sculpture and Engravings.

Far away.—Arrived in Sight. Drawn on stone by Miss Sharp, from the originals, by Mr. N. Browne. London, Ackermann.

GRACEFUL and tasty lithographs, creditable to the lady artist, but with evidence about them of a lady's hand.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

Spontini's tediously monotonous opera 'La Vestale' was reproduced on Saturday for Mad. Baptiste's debut. This lady, a most portly and matronly dame, has a mezzo-soprano voice of good quality and of a rich tone; at the commencement she sang rather sharp, but in an aria (introduced, we suspect,) in the second act, she evinced some better taste and feeling. Mad. de Meric acted and sang like one trained and disciplined in her part under better management than that at the King's Theatre: it is more than probable, we think, that she has played the same character at Paris. Winter, in the first duo with Calver, was vigorous enough, and effective, and the "mise en scène" was certainly much better than usual. The divertissements truly diverted attention from the Opera, for neither in costume nor character was there the least semblance of connexion with the scene in which they were introduced. There was much delay between the acts—vocal pieces were omitted—many inaccuracies in the general performance—and we predict that 'La Vestale' will not survive more than a few nights.

'Pietro l'Eremita' was repeated on Tuesday, and, among strange things, Madame Puzzi (!) reappeared in consequence of the indisposition of Mad. Meric. We agreed with Mr. Mason's recorded judgment of this lady, and see no reason to alter our opinion. Winter was labouring under a cold. The inaccuracies of the singers in the concerted pieces would have disgraced Sad-

ler's Wells, and the accompaniment of the horns and trombones in the 'Invocation,' and the chorus singing were bad enough to deserve this especial mention.

FOURTH ANTIENT CONCERT.

Director—Lord Burghersh.

THE first act comprised a good selection from Gluck's 'Alceste.' Since the days of Banti this music has been in abeyance; the choruses are highly dramatic, and were sung with spirit. We hope Lord Burghersh will induce his brother Directors to let us hear some choruses from 'Orfeo.' We venerate the name of Gluck; he effected as great a revolution in dramatic music as Haydn in instrumental. The second act contained many productions of rare merit. We need only name 'Jupiter Sinfonia,' 'Qui sedegno,' and 'Placido è il mar.' The latter alone would immortalize Mozart. Miss Childs sang here for the first time, as did Mr. E. Seguin; both acquitted themselves very creditably. We were much delighted with Knyvett's glee, 'The Rose of the Valley,' which we never heard better sung. Miss Stephens and Mr. F. Cramer contributed respectively their portion of effect in executing 'Sweet Bird,' and 'a Cadenza for Violin and Voice.' A trio from 'The Creation' also added to the agreeable novelty of the selection—the best of the season. The chorus-singing wants softening down in the piano parts, and a little more crispness in the staccato notes.

THIRD PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

As a whole, this third Concert was but indifferent. Spohr's Sinfonia, No. 2, was not executed with the fine proportion of light and shade wanting for its full effect, and which we partly attribute to the incapacity of Mr. Weichsel as leader. The violas in this band are at the back of the orchestra, and sometimes quite inaudible, which prevented us following the train of conversational passages in which Spohr's music abounds. Surely the Directors know what quartet of instruments constitute the substance of a "Partitura"—and how essential it is to have them near together. A MS. pianoforte Concerto was performed by the author, Moscheles. The "tutti" preceding the first solo led us to anticipate a more effective and original composition. The slow movement has some good writing for the wind instruments, but the last allegro, rather "scherzo," we think the best part of the Concerto. The piece, indeed, did not strike us as well suited for the favourable display of the powers of the instrument, and parts of it can only be played with proper character and feeling by the author, whose execution remains unimpaired, and who was deservedly and loudly applauded. 'Don Carlos,' an overture by Ries, was tolerably effective; there was an abundance of dissonant harmony, especially minor ninths, which this author invariably indulges in: we should perhaps relish it better on a second hearing. Beethoven's Sinfonia in c, though, like the rest, the execution wanted chiaroscuro, was an agreeable relief to all that preceded it. Corelli's trio in e flat was played by the inimitable Lindley and Dragonetti, accompanied by a second violinello: we think that a less hacknied trio might have been chosen to exhibit the practical powers of Dragonetti to more advantage:—we observed that he put his third string a note lower, and produced some fine novel effects. Mozart's overture, 'Idomeneo,' terminated the performance. An apology was made for the absence of Madame de Meric, and indulgence requested for Mrs. Bishop. We shall therefore make no other comment on the latter lady than that her intonation was again imperfect, and that her voice was too sharp in the Ricordare, from Mozart's Requiem. Curioni was indifferent—Miss H. Cawse correct—Signor Giubilei passable—but Mrs. Wood,

who, at a short notice, supplied the place of Madame de Meric, added fresh laurels to her fame. The execution of Handel's 'Mighty Kings' was one of the best specimens of English singing we ever heard.

Anthem—O Lord, grant the King a long Life.

Composed for, and performed at, the Coronation of King William the Fourth, by Thomas Attwood. J. A. Novello.

THE composer to the Chapel Royal has always this sort of task assigned to him, and no native musician is better qualified to perform it well than Mr. Attwood. The introductory Maestoso is for the band alone, and consists of thirty-five bars, on a bold subject, which, on repetition, is accompanied with the national air, 'Rule Britannia,' played by horns and trumpets. It is very ingeniously interwoven with the other parts, on the plan of the Anthem composed for the coronation of George the Fourth, wherein 'God save the King' was similarly treated. This is followed by a Moderato in common time. This movement contains a great variety of pure modern counterpoint, and the parts flow most pleasantly: the wind-instruments are written for in the style of Mozart, our author's instructor; and the *tout ensemble* promises to be a very effective composition in a cathedral. The anthem concludes with an "Amen" chorus—a fine fugue, worked with considerable talent, the subject beginning with the bass voices, is taken up at the fifth bar by the tenor and rebles successively: it is relieved by modulations in the modern school, which Mr. Attwood seems perfectly master of.

THEATRICALS

ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE managers of this attractive little theatre fired a double shot on Monday: and it seems well they did, for they missed with the first barrel. We do not mean to assert, that the first piece, called, 'Nina,' failed; because it has been wisely resolved, that there never shall be a failure here. This would be an excellent rule for all theatres to follow; but unfortunately for them, the power to enforce it is vested exclusively in the Adelphi. The management prescribes the medicine, and the public are told to swallow it. If the public are good children, and take it down quietly, it is all very well; if not, the regulation in such cases made and provided, is strictly adhered to; and they get nothing to eat until they have. The piece is not without merit, although it has much less of it than we usually meet with in Burlettas produced here. A little judicious curtailment, and other alterations will remove the strong objections manifested on Monday. And then the excellent acting of Mrs. Yates may fairly entitle it to hold its ground for the short remainder of the season. The other new piece entitled, 'The Printer's Devil,' is a lively and amusing burlesque on 'Robert' of that family. If brought out at an earlier period of the season, and with fewer marks of haste about it, it would have been likely to run; but it is too late, and cannot now run either far enough, or fast enough to fetch up the time it has lost. The little interest too, which has attached to the original, makes against the burlesque; indeed 'Robert the Devil' was, and remains so very absurd a drama, that it is little short of a burlesque itself. 'The Printer's Devil' is written with considerable point; but, though the points are fine, the language is occasionally coarse; with these exceptions, its reception was good, and the audience appeared to consider themselves amply indemnified for the deficiencies of the other novelty. The houses continue good, and the season is in a fair way to end as it begun—well.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

IN consequence of the piece called, 'The Young Hopefuls,' lately produced at this theatre, having been withdrawn after its second representation, a letter was addressed by its author, Mr. Poole, to the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, in which he attributed the non-success of his production to the inefficiency of Mr. Liston's representation of the part allotted to him; and plainly indicated his opinion, that such inefficiency arose from a too free indulgence in the bottle. However we may lament that differences of this description should take place, we have nothing to do with them, while they remain private; but when so grave a charge is publicly made against an artist so generally and so justly admired as Mr. Liston is, we feel that we should be wanting in common justice, if we did not pause to inquire, upon what authority it rests. We have done so, and feel bound to state, that it stands upon the unsupported assertion of Mr. Poole himself; and that his opinion is not coincided in by those who had the best opportunities of judging. That Mr. Poole *thought* he was stating the truth, we cannot for the moment doubt—but that he was mistaken, we are thoroughly convinced. In giving our report of the piece, we stated that the acting of Mr. Liston was excellent; we still think so; and it is, therefore due to ourselves, as well as to Mr. Liston, that we should, after what has passed, repeat that conviction, and express our sincere sorrow, not only at the unfortunate error into which Mr. Poole has somehow fallen, but at the means which the heat of the moment induced him to take to promulgate it. We would fain have avoided all allusion to this subject—and abstained from making any last week, under the idea that Mr. Liston might cause some contradiction to be inserted in the paper in which the accusation had been made. As, however, that gentleman has thought proper to pass it in silence, we think that the press should vindicate those whom the press permits itself to be made the means of unjustly attacking; and, therefore, without making ourselves in any way partisans on the one side or the other, we simply bear our testimony to what we conscientiously believe to be the fact.

FRENCH PLAYS.—HAYMARKET.

THESE performances commenced on Monday evening under favourable auspices. The house was well attended, and every one appeared pleased and satisfied. The number of French persons present is of use in setting an example of the good order and decorum which English audiences have so much need of learning from that nation; the natural consequence is, that amusement is blended with instruction, and that profit, as well as relaxation to the mind, is always the result of an evening passed here. The principal novelty was the début of Madame Theodore. Without pretensions of a first-rate order, this lady is a very pleasing actress, and was extremely well received. M. Laporte is always welcome—not only on account of the excellence of his acting, but because he combines with the utmost purity of pronunciation the greatest distinctness of utterance it was ever our lot to hear in a French comedian. Those who are studying the language of France, without having an opportunity of visiting the country, will do well to be frequent in their attendances to hear him. There cannot be a better model, and we know of none so good.

The forthcoming drama at Drury Lane theatre is founded on a story related in Inglis's 'Spain in 1830,' of a "compact" entered into between the Archbishop of Grenada and the celebrated bandit, Polinario. The time of the piece has been thrown back a few years, and the actions of Polinario (who, by the bye, is now the living

guard of the very Diligence on which he formerly committed a dead robbery,) transferred to Juan Ravagos, another famous chieftain. This has been done to connect the main incident with other historical matters.

MISCELLANEA

Chiarini, whose death we noticed last week, was a member of the Israelite Board, and of several learned societies. The greatest literary undertaking, in which he ever embarked, was a complete translation of the *Talmud*, to which, we lament to say, he had not length of years spared him to put a finishing hand. But he has left behind him, amongst other MSS. several perfect portions of this great work, the first part of which only has been hitherto printed. There is another publication of Chiarini's, his 'Theory of Judaism,' consisting of three volumes, and written in French, which has occasioned considerable sensation in the literary and religious world abroad. He was the author also of a collection of Italian Poems, as well as of a Hebrew Grammar and Dictionary, which are written in Latin, and have been translated into Polish.

N. Poussin.—The monument to the memory of this illustrious painter, which De Chateaubriand ordered to be prepared by Vaudoyer, when the noble Viscount was French Ambassador in Rome, in 1829, has lately been erected in the church of S. Lorenzo in that capital. It is of marble, and is much admired, particularly from the delicacy of its finish. Lemoine sculptured the semi-colossal bust, which surmounts the tomb. N. Poussin was interred under the roof of S. Lorenzo.—*Rome, March 2.*

Glück, the Composer.—No certain information has, until a very recent discovery, existed either as to the spot where, or the day on which, Baron von Glück—that great master of harmony, who opened a new path to the genius of a Haydn, a Mozart, and a Beethoven—was born. A late number of a popular German paper has, however, thrown decisive light on this subject by publishing the subsequent extract from the baptismal register of Neustadt in the Upper Palatinate:—"25 MARTII ANNO 1700. Baptizatus est a me M. Andrae Dozler, cooperatore, Joannes Christophorus, Joannis Adami Glück, venatoris aulici, et Anna Catharina filius legitimus, tenente prænobili Domino Joanne Christophoro Pfreimbder de Brackenthurn et Altensteinreith." It appears, that Glück's father was one of the Imperial huntsmen, and, at the time of the composer's birth, was in attendance upon Prince Ferdinand of Lobkowitz, who used to entertain a splendid company of noble guests at certain seasons in spring, summer, and autumn at his country seat, Neustadt. The parish register contains other entries of the name of J. A. Glück, the father, but always as a god-father or witness of a marriage; never as a parent: and in all he is intitled *Venator Aulicus* (Imperial huntsman). His brother, Alexander, died in the service of the Lobkowitz family, as Head Bailiff of their forests (*forstmeister*).

Livre des Cent et Un.—This popular work is about to be adopted as a model for a series of humorous and satirical chapters on the subject of the Prussian capital. The first volume is to appear in Berlin at Easter next.

Burghs of the Tyrol.—A splendid work, extending to four volumes, large quarto, is announced from Milan, as being in progress at Trent. It has been undertaken by M. Perini, and will be published under the title of "*I castelli del Tirolo, colla Storia delle relative antiche potenti Famiglie.*" Each volume will comprise three or four parts, accompanied by engravings.

A Library not a Library.—A singular description of library exists at Warsenstein, near Cassel; the books composing it, or rather the substitutes

for them, are made of wood, and every one of them is a specimen of some different tree. The back is formed of its bark, and the sides are constructed of polished pieces of the same stock. When put together, the whole forms a box; and inside of it are stored the fruit, seed, and leaves, together with the moss which grows on the trunk, and the insects which feed upon the tree; every volume corresponds in size, and the collection altogether has an excellent effect.

A translation of Professor Lyell's first and second volumes on Geology is on the eve of being published in Germany. It is the work of Dr. Hartmann, the learned translator of D'Aubusson's Ornithology.

Natural History.—During the late flood in the neighbourhood of Tewkesbury, a very beautiful specimen of the grey phalarope, or *tringalobata* of Linnæus, was shot by Mr. Sandilands of that place. This (according to Bewick) rare little visitant of the British isles was observed swimming and diving about in quest of prey, consisting of the small dytisc, or water beetle, and other little insects, with wonderful agility; and such was its remarkable tameness as to allow the approach of its pursuer within a few yards, without the least manifestation of fear.—*Bath Paper.*

Excavations near Naples.—We adverted, in a former number, to the discovery of a subterranean town, supposed to be *Toro*, between Pompeii and Herculaneum, and lying near Bosco tre Case. But the Transactions of the Accademia Ercolanense seem to place it beyond a doubt, that this *Toro* (the Taurania of former days, and the Turone of the present,) is situate near Palma, which is full five miles to the north-east of Bosco. On further investigation, it would appear, that there was a place of the name of *Opontis*, known to ancient writers, which lay between Herculaneum and Pompeii, and nearer to the latter than the former town. Its site, as described by them, exactly corresponds with that of Bosco tre Case; it scarcely admits, therefore, of a question, that, if further excavations should bring a greater extent of ruins to light, they will prove to be the remains of Opontis.

Greece.—Professor Thiersch, who was despatched last autumn on a mission to the Peloponnese, by the Bavarian government, opens the narrative of his visit to the island of Hydra, by the following remarks:—"After a fortunate passage, during the night of the 26th of October, we came early next morning in sight of the island, which rises high and boldly on a desert rock at the back of an inconvenient bight, and, to the surprise of the traveller, whose eye has hitherto been accustomed to nothing but cabins and ruins in Greece itself, breaks upon him with the view of a large and handsome city, embellished with churches and palaces. The port was nearly deserted; and a Russian brig, which had two government brigs under her protection, and kept the harbour under blockade, had the effect of abstracting still more from its security and activity. There was a crowd of idle people standing about at the innermost extremity of the port. Though there is great want of employment, and much consequent indigence, the peace of the town has never been disturbed. There is neither police, nor military to maintain it; here, as everywhere else, the multitude suffer, but raise no clamour; as to theft and mendicity, these are unknown. Yet we are told, that the Greek is restless and unfit for government. The fact is, there is no nation easier to be ruled, if treated with a moderate degree of kindness; nor is there any more deserving of a paternal government. I was introduced under the roof of the worthy and intelligent Navarchos Miaulis, by his son Antonio, and was conducted through the finest apartments in this

beautiful palace-like residence, which is adorned with marble vestibules and splendid divans. I regretted to find the Admiral laid up with a fever, from which he has but occasional respites."—(*Bavarian Journal.*)

A Hunchback Revel.—A burgess of Antwerp lately gave a ball and supper to forty hunchbacks in that town. A prize of sixty guilders (five guineas) was bestowed on the individual who exhibited the loftiest dorsal protuberance; and the victor was crowned king of the revels. Carriages were sent to bring each of the hunchbacks to the ball, and he was conveyed home in the same unaccustomed manner. The toes of these gay sons of Æsop did not ache until night was far advanced; in fact, their mirth is said to have flagged, only when the note of separation from their brother-bumps was sounded. We readily believe what a Belgian journalist archly remarks—that there was *nothing political* in this reunion!

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Baromet. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 22	59 45	29.83	W.	Cloudy.
Fr. 23	57 33	29.70	W.	Ditto.
Sat. 24	50 36	29.88	N.W.	Ditto.
Sun. 25	49 32	29.65	N.	Clear.
Mon. 26	51 33	30.00	N.	Cloudy.
Tues. 27	54 39	29.96	Var.	Ditto.
Wed. 28	51 30	Stat.	N.E. to E.	Clear.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulostratus, Cirrostratus, Cumulus.

Nights and Mornings fair.
Mean temperature of the week, 45° 5'.
Day increased on Wednesday, 4 h. 56 min.

The journal for the last week having been too late for insertion, we give the following summary:—
Max. temperature 53°. Min. Ditto, 27°. Max. Atmosph. pressure 29.83, Min. Ditto, 29.10. Weather cloudy; with showers. Nights and Mornings for the greater part fair.

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For any deficiency that may be found in this number of the *Athenæum*, we apologize beforehand. It happens, that this is the last day of the month, and the sale of Monthly Parts is now, we rejoice to say, so considerable, as to be in itself a very important business, and to require us, in consequence of this coincidence, to hurry to press many hours before our usual time. This must excuse our deferring the notice of 'The Mythology of the Hindus,' and many other works, and for omitting several advertisements.

Thanks to R. A. M.—J. B. R.

To P. A. it is not necessary for us to express any virtuous indignation; but if he will call at our office, the publisher has orders to return the money.

The communications of W. S. and other correspondents shall be attended to, if possible, next week.

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